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### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

CHRISTIAN FINE ARTS, ETC.

*Progression by Antagonism; a Theory.* By Lord Lindsay. 8vo. pp. 110. London, J. Murray. *Sketches of the History of Christian Art.* By Lord Lindsay. 3 vols. 8vo. J. Murray.

It is intimated in the last of these publications that it would be imperfectly understood, except by those who clearly comprehended the principles laid down in the first. This, we confess, has staggered us not a little; for we had been repelled from the publication in question by feeling that we had some difficulty in completely mastering its principles, so as to have them all distinctly arranged in our mind. The "Chart of Human Nature" puzzled us considerably as a prefix; and the "Classification of Human Thought" appeared to us to be very complex as a finale.\* We were sensible at the same time that there was much matter in these speculations; and that with a cool head, devoted attention, and plenty of leisure time, it might be possible to do more justice to Lord Lindsay's metaphysical ideas. But the truth is, we could not command these indispensable requisites; and consequently have only a general glimmering of the deep propositions involved in the working out of his lordship's hypotheses. The gist of the work is, to present to view the present position, duties, and destiny of Great Britain, as the heir of past and trustee of future civilisation. Antagonism was (according to him) introduced by the Fall; and its progression has become a general law of the moral government of God, not only in regard to man, but as far as his vision can extend throughout time and space. At the beginning we fall upon the following startling assertion:

"I may premise, that the observation that in every great argument in which truth is concerned, each side is half right and half wrong,—or to express this in other words, that the minds of men, individually, are so constituted as to apprehend only half the truth, when truth is presented to them in the abstract—and the inference therefrom, that this must be in subservience to some general law ordained for a wise and benevolent purpose by God—are the steps which have guided me to the assertion of the proposition in question."

Phrenology is then evoked to prove that in the individual case, sense and intellect are mortal, and only the spirit immortal. But the text is unintelligible without the notes (with other notes on them), which are much longer, and not unconnected; so that, in fact, we must refer this introductory volume to the philosophical and curious for their own study. We can give them no adequate notion of it. Perhaps we can extract a few odd remarks. The race of Cain being the sensual and irreligious, in opposition to the religious race of Seth, the author says of the former, that being the first great mechanical artists, "Gen. iv. 21, it is remarkable that music should be thus noted as the offspring of the Cainite or sensual line of the antediluvian world, as distinguished from the spiritual line of Seth." What will our musical professors and enthusiastic answer to this? After the flood, Ham and Shem and their descendants are made the continuations of Cain and Seth, Japhet and his posterity being reserved for a higher destiny in the progression of mankind; and here we find another singular observation: "All are familiar with the sorcerers of Egypt, and their discomfiture by

Moses. But I have little doubt that the magic every where prevalent, even among the Japhethan and Shemite nations, was derived from the conquered Hamites; that the witch of Endor, for instance, the wizards of Thessaly, the augurs of Etruria, and even the unfortunates done to death in more recent times among ourselves, were lineal descendants (so to speak) of the Hamite aborigines. The Finlanders of the north of Europe are still redoubted for their powers of magic; and the best sorcerers of the East are the Maugrabs of North Africa—of Berber or Hamite race, though now speaking Arabic."

The second period or cycle of development in the Japhethian line, is thus noted: "Two vast branches of the Japhethian family—so close related as originally to have borne the common name of Arii or Arians, but severed in the remotest antiquity, and parted into nations speaking dialects akin either to the Sanscrit or the ancient Zend—have received a bias or predisposition from God, respectively and distinctly, towards Imagination and Reason, and their separate development and subsequent intermixture constitute the history of civilisation during the last thirty centuries. The Hindoo stand at the head of one branch, the Medo-Persians at the head of the other; to the former branch belong:—1. The Lithuanian, Lettish, and ancient Prussian race. 2. The Slavonians. 3. The primitive or Gaelic-speaking Celts of Ireland and the north of Scotland. 4. The Pelasgian Greeks, including, beside other races, the Phrygians, Lydians, Etruscans, Dorians, and Ionians; and lastly, 5. The Romans, with their kindred nations in Italy. To the latter, i. e. the Medo-Persian: 1. The more recent and Welsh-speaking Celts, or Cymri of Spain, Gaul, ancient Britain, and the Lowlands of Scotland; and 2. The Germanic or Teutonic race, in their three vast divisions.

"Though the Gaelic and Welsh-speaking Celts live in close neighbourhood, they must be ranked under opposite banners: the former, i. e. the Gaelic race, under the Hindoo; the latter, the Welsh, under the Medo-Persian. The Gaelic and Welsh are not dialects, as commonly supposed, but sister languages, distinguished as such before the nations that respectively speak them left the East; and while the Gaelic belongs to the Sanscrit, the Welsh leans towards the Zendish class. The two races differ, moreover, in character; the Welsh evincing little of the chivalry and reverence which distinguish the Highlanders of Scotland and the Irish, the representatives of the Gaelic family,\* but rather resembling the Lowlanders of the west of Scotland: and it is curious, as illustrating the perpetuation of moral characteristics long after races have lost their original language, that the substratum of population in that district, the hothead of Whiggism, is also Welsh. It is to a similar cause, probably,—the Scandinavian blood of Angus, Aberdeenshire, and generally of the N.E. of the Scottish Lowlands—that we may attribute the predominant tendency to Toryism in those districts. The Welsh Celts, however, though not of the Sanscrit family, were probably the first of the Medo-Persian tribes to descend into Europe; and I have ranked them accordingly. \* \* \*

\* "The Irish veneration for the church of Rome, and that of the Highlanders for episcopacy and the divine right of kings, &c., are derived from their Hindoo ancestry. The Irishman has far closer sympathies with the Slavonian and the Italian, his brethren in descent and language, than with the Teuton race which has thrust itself between them."

"Great men may be considered as the ideas of the universal man—their successors as the thoughts by which those ideas are followed up and worked out. A Godfrey or a Charlemagne, monarch of futurity,

\* Stands as a beacon, throwing light far out  
Over the rippling tides of centuries."

These incidental passages, without an endeavour to connect them with their relations to Imagination or Reason, or to Sense and Spirit, pursued to extraordinary detail, and spread all over historical record and the face of the earth, by Lord Lindsay, must suffice (regardless also of his philological theories) to bring us to his "objective" conclusion; namely, that the greatest struggles which await the destinies of England are, 1. *The revival of Catholicism*, and 2. *The political aggrandisement of Russia*."

Remarkable in many ways as this volume is, the second work, in three volumes, and these only portions of a scheme, are still more remarkable. The research, eruditio, and talent displayed are enormous, and verge almost too closely on the peril of too much knowledge, and the dangerous alliance of "great wit." The sound and the wild are so commingled together that we sometimes hold up our hands in wonder, sometimes utter an exclamation akin to doubt and pity. A Central Principle is to solve every problem, and surmount every difficulty, and triumph over every danger; and the way hitherto made, and the mode by which the future is to be operated upon, are thus described:

"So long as we keep the ideal in view, we rise, from sense to intellect, from intellect to spirit. But the moment we look away from it, we begin to lose ground and sink, from spirit to intellect, from intellect to sense; with this difference, that whereas we ascended slowly and with difficulty, yet bearing with us every thing worth retention that we had culled in the regions we had left behind—the breezes of a purer and yet purer atmosphere ever fanning our brow—so we sink more rapidly, our backs once turned to the light, and the gross vapours from below overpowering us more and more with their stupefying influence. This is an universal law of humanity, exemplified in every walk of life, and by the personal experience, more or less, of every individual. But the history of man in the aggregate—or, to speak at present more restrictively, of the human race from Noah downwards—affords the most striking and instructive illustration of it; and an inquiry into its operation is the surest test whereby to judge of our progress towards perfection, and to refute the calumny that we stand no higher in the scale of being now, than we did in the days of Pericles or Sesostris.

"Man is, in the strictest sense of the word, a progressive being; and, with many periods of action and retrogression, has still held, upon the whole, a steady course towards the great end of his existence—the re-union and re-harmonising of the three elements of his being, dislocated by the fall, in the service of his God. Each of these three elements—sense, intellect, and spirit—has had its distinct development at three distant intervals, and in the personality of the three great branches of the human family. The race of Ham—giants in prowess, if not in stature—cleared the earth of primeval forests and monsters, built cities, established vast empires, invented the mechanical arts, and gave the fullest expansion to the animal energies. After them, the Greeks, the elder line of Japhet, developed the intellectual faculties, imagination and reason, more especially the former—

\* The "Table of Parallelism," in the middle, was another stumbling-block to us.

Enlarged 54.]

always the earlier to bud and blossom; poetry and fiction, history, philosophy, and science, alike look back to Greece as their birthplace; on the one hand they put a soul into sense, peopling the world with their gay mythology; on the other, they bequeathed to us, in Plato and Aristotle, the mighty patriarchs of human wisdom, the Darius and the Alexander of the two grand armies of thinking men, whose antagonism has ever since divided the battle-field of the human intellect. While, lastly, the race of Shem, the Jews, and the nations of Christendom—their *totum tenentes* as the spiritual Israel—have, by God's blessing, been elevated in spirit to as near an intimate communion with Deity as is possible in this stage of being.

"Now the peculiar interest and dignity of art consists in her exact correspondence in her three departments with these three periods of development, and in the illustration she thus affords—more closely and markedly even than literature—to the all-important truth, that men stand or fall according as they look up to the ideal or not. For example, the architecture of Egypt—her pyramids and temples, cumbrous and inelegant, but imposing from their vastness and their gloom—express the ideal of sense or matter; elevated and purified, indeed, and nearly approaching the intellectual, but material still; we think of them as of natural scenery, in association with caves or mountains, or vast periods of time; their voice is as the voice of the sea, or as that of 'many peoples,' shouting in unison. But the sculpture of Greece is the voice of intellect and thought, communing with itself in solitude, feeding on beauty, and yearning after truth. While the painting of Christendom (and we must remember that the glories of Christianity, in the full extent of the term, are yet to come) is that of an immortal spirit, conversing with its God."

The author proceeds to justify his claim for the superiority of Christian over Pagan Art, in all her three departments; but till we can uphold the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square above the Coliseum at Rome, and the statue of George IV. in the same locality above the Grecian Apollo, we can hardly agree to the proposition: of the noblest ancient painting we know nothing except by report, and can therefore institute no comparison. If we might compare Christian art at an early period, when it shone in its greatest glory in Italy, with the same art now, we must either acknowledge that the spirit of Christianity or of art had sadly retrograded. And this brings us to an example of the very wild to which we have alluded:

"Meanwhile we may at least observe, with the deepest reverence, that the three arts, considered in a Christian sense as a manifestation of the Supreme Being through the intellect of man, his image, present a sort of earthly shadow of the ineffable and mysterious Trinity in unity, in its relations with the material universe: architecture symbolising the Father, known to us chiefly by the harmony and proportion of what we term his attributes; sculpture, the Son—the incarnate form or outline (so to speak) of the Invisible and Infinite; painting, the Holy Spirit—the smile of God illuminating creation: while the three arts are one in essence, co-equal and congenial, as manifested by the inseparable connexion and concord observable throughout the whole history of their development, and by the greatest artists in every age of Christendom having almost invariably excelled in all three alike. There is no impiety, I trust, in vindicating this analogy."

The trust, to say the least, is a bold one; and the analogy very unpleasant to the mind. They proceed, no doubt, from the great imaginativeness of the writer. In this he resembles Blake the artist, who could call up all the scenes of antiquity, from every people of the world, and either paint them himself or describe them, as the vision passed, for his enthusiast friend and comrade, Varley, to portray. Yet his lordship is in middle life, the period when sober sense ought to prevail; for it

is in youth that the Imagination sways us, and again at the close of life, under the name of Hope, that it resumes its rule.

His lordship enters upon a long exposition of Christian mythology, legends of saints, &c., the subjects of such art as there was during the middle ages. He next treats largely of Byzantine art, of Lombard and Gothic architecture and sculpture, of the painting schools of Pisano and Giotto (great sources of the greatest Italian achievements); followed up by the school of Siena, that of Florence (half-Byzantine), and that of Bologna. Sculpture and painting north of the Alps finish the subjects for this division of the work; which it will thus be seen advances us little beyond the threshold of the mighty temple to be illustrated.

There is, however, at the end a postscript, with which, as it treats of an artistic matter of revived interest in our day, we shall conclude.

"I cannot dismiss these volumes without a word of appeal to the rulers of Italy in behalf of the grand old frescoes, which are either perishing unheeded before their eyes, or that lie entombed beneath the whitewash of barbarism, longing for resurrection, pining for the light of day. By a natural but most unfortunate casualty, the best works of the early painters, being generally in more conspicuous and desirable places than those done in their youth, they were the more liable to perish; the rage for novelty destroying, in each successive generation, the works of the preceding one, in order to substitute its own. It is thus that sometimes two or three frescoes are found painted one over the other in Italy. It was thus that the frescoes of Perugino, of Signorelli, and others, in the Sistine Chapel, and in the Stanze of the Vatican, were thrown down to make room for those of Raphael and Michael Angelo. When minds like these are in question, the consolation is obvious—we have got better in exchange; but when we read of similar devastations in favour of the Vasaris, Perino del Vaga, &c. of the decadence, the case is different; and one could weep for very despatch.

"What a scene of beauty, what a flower-garden of art—how bright and how varied—must Italy have presented at the commencement of the sixteenth century, at the death of Raphael! The sacrifices we lament took place, for the most part, after that period. Hundreds of frescoes, not merely of Giotto and those other elders of Christian art, but of Gentile da Fabriano, Pietro della Francesca, Perugino, and their conpeers, were still existing, charming the eye, elevating the mind, and warming the heart. Now, alas, few comparatively and fading are the relics of those great and good men! While Dante's voice rings as clear as ever, communing with us as friend with friend, their is dying gradually away, fainter and fainter, like the farewell of a spirit. Flaking off the walls, uncared for and neglected, save in a few rare instances, scarce one of their frescoes will survive the century; and the labours of the next may not improbably be directed to the recovery and restoration of such as may still slumber beneath the whitewash and the daubs with which the Bronzinos and Zuccheros '*et id genus omne*' have unconsciously sealed them up for posterity—their best title to our gratitude. But why not begin at once? at all events, in the instances numberless, where merely whitewash interposes between us and them. And what are those '*Dii minores*,' that their works should be respected, when those of the Titans of old time lie concealed behind them? Europe would hail such discoveries as the disinterment of another Pompeii; and a stream of pure refreshment would flow forth for mankind from the walls thus struck by the rod of authority, as of yore from the rock in Horeb. It is easy to reply, what need of this? They (the artists) have Moses and the prophets—the frescoes of Raphael and Michael Angelo—let them study them. Doubtless; but we still reply, and with no impiety, they will not repent—they will not forsake their idols and their evil ways—they will not abandon sense for spirit, oil for

fresco—unless these great ones of the past, these sleepers of Ephesus, arise from the dead. A grave and unsuspected fallacy is involved in such a remonstrance. It is not by studying art in its perfection—by worshipping Raphael and Michael Angelo exclusively of all other excellence—that we can expect to rival them; but by re-ascending to the fountain-head—by planting ourselves as acorns in the ground those oaks are rooted in, and growing up to their level—in a word, by studying Duccio and Giotto, that we may paint like Taddeo di Bartolo and Masaccio; Taddeo di Bartolo and Masaccio, that we may paint like Perugino and Luca Signorelli; Perugino and Luca Signorelli, that we may paint like Raphael and Michael Angelo. And why despair of this, or even of shaming the Vatican? For with genius and God's blessing nothing is impossible.

"I would not be a blind partisan; but, with all their faults, the old masters I plead for knew how to touch the heart. It may be difficult at first to believe this; like children, they are shy with us; like strangers, they bear an uncouth mien and aspect; like ghosts from the other world, they have an awkward habit of shocking our conventionalities with home truths. But with the dead, as with the living, all depends on the frankness with which we greet them, the sincerity with which we credit their kindly qualities. Sympathy is the key to truth; we must love, in order to appreciate. The world is indeed full of spirits, singing ever and eloquently to the soul; but, like the music of the spheres, the ear must be attuned, the heart unsealed, ere we can hear their voice; and even then, if we say 'hush!' to the uninitiated, they too often listen in vain—the song is inaudible to them, and therefore they deem us mad. But we hear it all the same. Faith, Hope, and Charity, then, must be the bridesmaids of Christian art; faith in the inspiration of our fathers of old time; charity to cover the multitude of their technical sins; and hope that maketh not ashamed, to steady our upward flight into their airy region, and prompt, in every interview with the mighty minds of old, the blissful, thankful self-reminder of conscious power, '*Anch' io son pittore!*' There is, indeed, a wealth of thought and feeling stored up in these old sculptures and frescoes, at first sight so unpromising: they remind one of the benevolent fairies who appear to us disguised as withered hags, but bestow diamonds and pearls on the discreet maidens who accost them with becoming reverence. Let any young painter or sculptor, thoroughly accomplished in the mechanism of his art, in which these his predecessors were so deficient, but drawing his inspiration from Christianity and the Romano-Teutonic nationality of Europe—let any such young artist, I say, visit Italy so prepared—tossing to the winds the jargon of the schools, content to feel and yield to the impulses of a high, and pure, and holy nature, and disposed, with God's blessing, like Fra Angelico or Perugino, to dedicate his talents, as the bondsman of love, to his Redeemer's glory and the good of mankind—let him so come, I repeat, and commune with these neglected relics of an earlier, a simpler, and a more believing age—talk to the spirit that dwells within them in its own universal language, ask it questions, and listen reverently for a reply—and he will gain more than a mere response: that spirit will pass into his own bosom; his eyes will be touched as with the magician's salve, and he will find himself in a world of undreamt-of beauty, hitherto unseen only because inadequately bodied forth—a world of bright spirits, beings of the mind, ideas as yet only half-born, as it were, but which will throng around him on every side,

"Demanding life, impatient for the skies," for that life of immortality which his practised hand can so well bestow. Yes; of this world of spiritual beauty, he, happy man, may become the priest and the interpreter, by adopting in the first instance, and re-issuing with that outward investiture which the assiduous study of all that is beau-

tiful, either in Grecian sculpture or the later but less spiritual schools of painting, has enabled him to supply, such of its bright ideas as he finds imprisoned in the early and imperfect efforts of art; and secondly, by exploring further on his own account in the untrdden realms of feeling that lie before him, and calling into palpable existence visions as bright, as pure, and as immortal as those that have already, in the golden days of Raphael and Perugino, obeyed their creative mandate—live! Let a few such artists arise among us, and the nineteenth may yet rival the fifteenth century. And why doubt it? Germany has done much already—England may do much, possibly more; and our hope is, that Italy, the mother of one half of our intellectual culture, whose children are as our elder brethren, and whose speech is to our ear like

'The bells of Fatherland,  
Chiming as one flies from them o'er the wave.'

will favour us with her smile—will sanction (to revert to the object of this parting 'envo')—will sanction, through the fiat of her rulers, the prayer of England and of Europe for the resuscitation, so far as is practicable, of those treasures of art, her neglected heritage, which lie concealed under the dust and ashes, the whitewash and the pictorial iniquities, of the last three centuries.'

#### RECENT LITERATURE.

*The Ingoldsby Legends.* By Thos. Ingoldsby, Esq  
3d Series. Pp. 364. Bentley.

To this conclusion of the Ingoldsby productions of the late Richard Harris Barham is prefixed a biographical memoir by his son, which is very interesting, and written in a tone of such modest pretension as to do honour alike to the writer and the subject. It resembles the life it describes. It was even, and quiet, and smooth, and easy, and the lines laid in pleasant places; for, excepting two accidents by which at different times Mr. Barham's frame was severely crippled, his whole career was one of rare felicity and enjoyment. We do not refer to the loss of dear children, but to the course of his personal fortunes; for his philosophic temperament and Christian piety enabled him to bear these afflictions, common to humanity, with becoming resignation and submission to the Divine will. And his nature was prone to merriment, within the limits of becoming mirth. He took no saturnine views of society; no narrow bigotry warped his mind. In all the relations of life he was truly good and estimable, tolerant of failings and frailties, warm and constant in his friendships, severe to none, indulgent to all. The Legends are genuine exponents of this character; and the writer justly observes:

"Of the unflagging spirit of fun which animates these productions, there can be but one opinion; Mr. Barham was, unquestionably, an adept in the mysteries of mirth, happy in his use of anachronism, and all the means and appliances of burlesque; he was skilled, moreover, to relieve his humour, however broad, from any imputation of vulgarity, by a judicious admixture of pathos and antiquarian lore. There are, indeed, passages in his writings, the 'Execution,' for example, and the battle-field in 'The Black Mousquetaire,' standing out in strong contrast from the ludicrous imagery which surrounds them, and affording evidence of powers of a very opposite and far higher order. That he had his faults is, of course, not to be denied; the digressions may sometimes appear too long or too frequent; the moral a little forced, and here and there an occasional objectionable expression might be discovered; but some indulgence may be claimed on the score of hurried composition, and the very slight opportunity of correction afforded by the mode of publication."

Our readers may remember the defence of Ingoldsby in the *Literary Gazette*, when charged with want of reverence, &c. by a poetical critic of another kind, of which and whom we are here told in a note:

"One of these attacks, not the wisest, and exhibiting, on the part of the writer, a most amusing imperviousness to the force of humour, was fairly met by the following retort from the assailant:

For turning grave things to farce, Prior asserts,  
A lad once stuck in an old woman's skirts;  
My Muse, then, may surely esteem it a boon,  
If in here there sticks only a *bit of a spoon*."

But it is time to run over the most novel matters in this sketch, and we will follow them as closely as we can in the order in which they occur. Of Mr. Barham's social and literary habits it is said:

"Most men have their seasons of late hours, and among undergraduates especially, there are not wanting those who, after an evening's dissipation, esteem it passing 'fast' to sit up half the night nodding over their books with wet towels tied round their heads: such feats at least, if not reduced to common practice, are spoken of among a certain class, as those fearful and mysterious ceremonies, yclept 'Collections,' 'Little Go,' and 'The Great' draw nigh,—as mere matters of course and elementary indications of spirit. It was far otherwise with Mr. Barham; with him a strong natural bent supplied the place of caprice or love of singularity; and he sat up because he found, as the morning advanced, his ideas flowed more freely, and his mental energies became in every way more active than at any other period of the twenty-four hours. It could hardly fail of exciting a considerable degree of astonishment, to mark how, after a day spent without one moment's rest or relaxation in the intricacies of business, often of harassing and momentous nature, his eye would light up and his spirits overflow, as the chimes of midnight were approaching; an entirely new set of faculties seemed to come into play; and if there was no one at hand to benefit by his conversation—to listen to his inexhaustible fund of anecdote and observation, he would devote himself to the investigation of some obscure genealogical point, or the perusal of some treasured volume in black letter, with a freshness and vigour not to be surpassed by the most orderly of mortals. At these times, too, his powers of composition reached their culminating point, and he wrote with a facility which not only surprised himself, but which he actually viewed with distrust; and he would not unfrequently lay down his pen, from an apprehension that what was so fluent must of necessity be feeble also. Indeed, he was no adept in the art of cudgelling the brain; and, at all events in respect of poetry, he wrote easily or not at all. The slightest check would often delay the publication of an article of this kind for months; and there are numbers of manuscripts of numerous dates now in possession of the writer, whose unfinished state is to be attributed to some trifling stumbling-block, which a little labour might have levelled or avoided. Of artificial aid to composition he thus speaks in a letter addressed to an old friend, of whom we shall have occasion to speak hereafter:—'You ask me if I think locomotion favourable to composition. I answer, decidedly 'yes,' the best thing in the world for it. Others prefer gin-and-water; the latter taken hot on the box of the Worcester mail, I certainly have found efficacious, perhaps as containing both the grand requisites:

The force of genius will not farther go;  
To make the third, she joins the other two.

"Byron loved gin-and-water and galloping. Your friend Tom C—— drinks gin-and-water, and rolls in the gutter. Hook likes brandy better, but despiseth not 'toddy' with the easy motion of a cabriolet. M—— runs up and down stairs at Bowood and Holland House, and though restricted to coffee, sighs in his heart and soul for *potence*. That his mind has been less prolific of late, I attribute solely to the deprivation."

The use of initials, to puzzle readers out of the London sphere, was hardly requisite in this work; and indeed in some cases leads to absurdity, as where in one page we read of Mr. L—— or L——,

and in the next have the name at length, Mr. Legge, a near relative of Lord S——, viz. Stowell. With regard to the habit of locomotion when composing his legendary lore, it was unquestionably the manner in which most of it was done. We have met Barham walking with his little note or scrap book in hand, to which he had just committed a droll thought or two in rhyme not less droll; and thus grew up these stories of a peculiar class of their own, and in a vein not surpassed in the English or any other language. If this were not followed up at the time, and the jottings laid aside, we can readily comprehend how many facetious imaginings and entertaining thoughts were nipped in their progress, and remain in an inchoate condition among the manuscripts of the author. It is hardly possible to recover the lost thread which a multitude of worldly engagements and occupations has driven from memory or ravelled into a skein beyond extrication, to be wound upon the reel of finished order.

Of Mr. Barham's companions, the Rev. E. Cannon, Hook's "Godfrey Moss," was one of the most intimate, of whom we read here that he "claims some slight notice, the more so as he has scarcely met with justice at the hands of his facetious friend. For general idea of what may be termed his mannerism, we can but refer to the striking portrait alluded to, one of the most perfect ever committed to paper. As he is there depicted, so precisely did he live and move in daily life,—not an eccentricity is exaggerated, not an absurdity heightened! It is, however, to be regretted, that the great master restricted himself to the delineating the less worthy features of the outward and visible man, and touched but lightly those high and noble traits of character which had gone far to relieve the mass of cynicism and selfishness but too correctly drawn. Mr. Cannon was, in fact, both a spoiled and a disappointed man. Brought up under the immediate care of Lord Thurloe, his brilliant wit, his manifold accomplishments, and, as may be hardly credited by those who knew him only in his decline, his fascinating manners, procured him a host of distinguished admirers, and proved an introduction to the table of royalty itself. A welcome guest at Carlton House, Stow, and other mansions of the nobility,—patronised by the Lord Chancellor, courted and caressed by men, to say nothing of women, of the highest rank and influence,—he might possibly have become too extravagant or too impatient in his expectations; while more reasonable views would scarcely have been met by a chaplaincy to the Prince of Wales, and a lectureship at St. George's, Hanover Square. This neglect, as he esteemed it, was especially calculated to work evil on a disposition naturally independent of a fault, and associated, as it was, with a humour tinctured overmuch with bitterness. His caprices indulged and fostered, and his hope delayed, he fell gradually into utter disregard of all the amenities and conventional laws of society. The extreme liberties he began to take, and the bursts of sarcasm which he took the less heed to restrain as he advanced in years, deprived him betimes of all his powerful patrons, and at the last alienated most of his more attached friends. As regards the circumstances which led immediately to his dismissal from the palace, his conduct was certainly not chargeable with blame, but was the natural working of an unbending spirit which scorned to flatter even princes. His great musical taste and talent not unfrequently procuring him the honour of accompanying his royal master on the piano forte, on one occasion, at the termination of the piece, the prince inquired, 'Well, Cannon, how did I sing that?' The latter continued to run over the keys, but without making any reply. 'I asked you, Mr. Cannon, how I sang that last song, and I wish for an honest answer,' repeated the prince. Thus pointedly appealed to, Cannon, of course, could no longer remain silent. 'I think, sir,' said he, in his quiet and peculiar tone, 'I have heard your

royal highness succeed better.' 'Sale and Attwood,' observed the latter sharply, 'tell me I sing as well as any man in England.' 'They, sir, may be better judges than I pretend to be,' replied Cannon. George the Fourth was too well bred, as well as too wise a man, to manifest open displeasure at the candour of his guest, but in the course of the evening, being solicited by the latter for a pinch of snuff, a favour which had been unhesitatingly accorded an hundred times before, he closed the box, placed it in Mr. Cannon's hand, and turned abruptly away. A gentleman in waiting quickly made his appearance, for the purpose of demanding back the article in question, and of intimating at the same time that it would be more satisfactory if its possessor forthwith withdrew from the apartment. Cannon at first refused to restore what he chose to consider no other than a present. 'The *creetur* gave it me with his own hand,' he urged; 'if he wants it back, let him come and say so himself.' It was represented, however, that the prince regarded its detention in a serious light, and was deeply offended at the want of respect which had led to it; the box was immediately returned without further hesitation, and Mr. Cannon retired for the last time from the precincts of Carlton House. He was, however, not a man to permit a single affront to obliterate from his memory all traces of former kindness; and accordingly, when the trial of Queen Caroline had excited so much of popular clamour against the sovereign, Cannon was the first, on the termination of that affair, to get up and present an address from the inhabitants of the Isle of Wight to his royal master. Delighted at this seasonable exhibition of public approval, and not untouched, it may be, by the conduct of his former favourite, the king was all courtesy and condescension. 'You are not looking well,' he observed, at length. 'I am not so well, sire, as I have been,' replied Cannon with a smile. 'Well, well, I must send H—— to prescribe for you,' said the king; nor did this prove to be an idle compliment; in due time the physician of the household called, having it in command to tender to the invalid his professional assistance, and at the same time to intimate that he might expect to be admitted again to the royal parties. This honour Mr. Cannon bluntly and resolutely declined. On being pressed to give some explanation of his refusal, he merely answered, 'I have been early taught when I want to say no and can say no, to say no; but never give a reason,' —a maxim which he had learned from his early protector, Lord Thurlow, and a neglect of which, the latter used to boast, had enabled him to carry an important point with his late majesty, George III. Thus it was; he had applied to that monarch on behalf of his brother for a certain post, and having somewhat unexpectedly met with a refusal, he bowed and was about to retire; when the monarch, wishing to soften his decision as far as possible, added, 'anything else I shall be happy to bestow upon your relative, but this unfortunately is an office never held but by a man of high rank and family.' 'Then, sire,' returned Lord Thurlow, 'I must persist in my request: I ask it for the brother of the Lord High Chancellor of England.' The chancellor was firm, and the king was compelled to yield. 'He gave me his reasons,' said the former, 'and I beat him.' With respect to Mr. Cannon, although he thought fit to decline giving any explanation at the time, he was not so reserved on all occasions. 'The *creetur*,' he said, 'has turned me out of his house once, he shall not have the opportunity of doing so again.' Whatever version of this interview reached the royal ear, one circumstance deserves to be recorded, as tending, in its degree, to invalidate those charges of selfishness and want of feeling which have been so lavishly directed against the illustrious personage alluded to.

"Many years afterwards, when Cannon, who, though of inexpensive tastes, was utterly regardless of money, and almost ignorant of its value, and

who generally carried all he received loose in his waistcoat-pocket, giving it away to any one who seemed to need it—was himself severely suffering from the effects of ill health and his improvident liberality, the king, who accidentally heard of his melancholy condition, instantly made inquiries, with a view of presenting him with some piece of preferment that might have served as a permanent provision; but ascertaining that his habits had become such as to render any advancement in his profession inexpedient, he, entirely unsolicited, forwarded him an hundred pounds from his privy purse. This assistance proved most opportune, and served to supply his immediate necessities. He was staying at the time at a small hotel on the banks of the Thames, near Twickenham, from which he was unable, or rather unwilling to depart, till his bill, which had swollen to a somewhat formidable size, was discharged. Mr. Barham, therefore, and another friend, hastened down to release him from a position which most people would have deemed embarrassing in the extreme. They found him, however, perfectly happy in his retirement; clothed from head to foot in mine host's habiliments, and altogether appearing so much better in health and spirits than could have been anticipated, that Mr. Barham was led to address some compliment to the landlady on the good looks of her guest. 'Well, sir, to be sure,' replied that worthy personage, 'we have done our best to keep him tidy and comfortable; and if you had only seen him last Sunday, when he was *washed and shaved*, you really might have said he *was* looking well.' He had formed, it appeared, a close intimacy with a monkey belonging to the establishment, and spent the principal portion of his time in his society, exchanging it occasionally for that of adventurous bipeds, whom the steam-boats, then 'few and far between,' landed at the Eeyot, according as he found them more or less intelligent than his quadrupedal companion.

"It was not to be supposed that these eccentricities should altogether escape episcopal observation; and although they met with considerable indulgence, a rebuke was sometimes unavoidable. Cannon, however, resented the slightest attempt at interference with a warmth and jealousy ill-advised, to say the least of it. His hostility, indeed, to his diocesan, he attributed to no private feeling; and certainly it could not have been warranted by any treatment he experienced at his hands. Many, however, of the bitter satires that appeared in the periodicals, directed against certain proceedings of this eminent individual, were from his pen. More than one of the more powerful and more personal of these Mr. Barham was fortunate enough to save from publication. He borrowed the copy, and that once in his possession, he knew that Cannon was too indolent a man to write another, or to persevere in demanding the restoration of the original. Those, however, who have read the 'Divine Lazarus,' and lines written on the exclusion of ill-dressed persons from certain seats in the Chapel Royal, though they can scarcely fail to admit that nothing Byron or Churchill have produced has excelled them in pungency of wit, will, nevertheless, consider their suppression justifiable, even by an act of friendly felony."

"Felony" may serve us as a catchword to another passage in these pages, which has been also referred to in the last number of *Bentley's Miscellany*, in a spirit of not very just or candid insinuation. It is stated:

"The general conduct of this association (the Literary Fund) has ever been beyond suspicion; it is hardly possible, however, but that a board composed of mere mortal committee-men should be open to occasional imposture from without, or should at times exhibit some slight tendency towards partiality within. These cases, *rari nantes*, seldom escaped Mr. Barham's vigilance; but the tact and good humour with which he resisted any unwise or inappropriate application of the funds of the society, never left any visible ill-

feeling in the hearts of his opponents. One trifling *fracas* may yet be held in memory by many of our readers. A portrait of Sir John Soane was presented to the society by that admirable artist Mr. Macrise; but the original not deeming that his fair proportions had been treated with sufficient tenderness, peremptorily demanded its surrender, promising to replace it with a much handsomer, and *ergo* more correct, representation by Sir Thomas Lawrence. During the somewhat lengthened discussion which ensued, a certain member of the council, remarkable not more for his literary talent than for his social kindness and love of peace, put an end to all contention by entering the committee-room, and cutting the caricature of Sir John (as the latter chose to term it) into pieces with his pen-knife. The following 'lament' appeared a few days afterwards in the 'John Bull':

" (Dr. T. loquitur.  
Ochone! ochone!  
For the portrait of Soane.  
J——! you ought to have let it alone;  
Don't you see that instead of removing the bone  
Of contention, the apple of discord you've thrown?  
One general moan,  
Like a tragedy groan,  
Burst forth when the picturecide deed became known.  
When the story got 'blown,'  
From the Thames to the Rhone,  
Folks ran, calling for ether and eau de Cologne;  
All shocked at the want of discretion you've shewna.  
If your heart's not of stone,  
You will quickly atone.  
The best way to do that's to ask Mr. Roney—  
To sew up the slits; the committee, you'll own,  
When it's once stich'd together, must see that it's  
Soane.'"

As the *Miscellany* reviewer seems desirous to attach some mystery to this, and asserts that Barham seriously disapproved of the act, it may be pardoned in us to state that with the party in question he lived in terms of very warm friendship to the last day of his life, and never thought more harshly of the "felony" (as some personal enemies were loud in proclaiming it) than to make it the clever *jeu d'esprit* in the *John Bull*. The matter itself can hardly be accounted for otherwise than a sudden freak, to put an end to a bone of contention which was occupying every meeting of the Literary Fund Committee with angry controversy, instead of the benevolent objects for which it was assembled. But for the bad spirit evinced on these occasions, it was well known that a munificent bequest from Sir J. Soane awaited the charity, to which he had for years past been one of the most liberal benefactors. Such was the condition of affairs when the party in question, dining close by the committee-room, in company with Mr. B. B. Cabbell, another of the best friends the Fund ever had, and talking over the subject, said it would be the best thing to cut the portrait to pieces, and thus dispose of the *Gordian knot*. Assent being given to this proposition, he went and did it—after dinner! And farther, not concealing nor ashamed of the exploit, he certainly carried the canvass eyes to the Opera-house, where he learnt Mr. Roney the then secretary was, and shewed or gave them to him in proof of the completeness of the job. His consternation may be surmised: and then there was a grand fuss made about it by the hostile clique already alluded to, which the committee either scouted or smothered, so that it sank to rest. The affront to the admirable artist, Macrise, put in front of the censures of these gentlemen, was healed by the interchange of an explanation, accompanied by a slight antique ring on the part of the offender, and frank forgiveness on the part of the offended (?) in terms of that friendly regard which has subsisted between them from his advent to London to the present hour. So much for this "Capital Felony" (as ludicrously suggested in some communications to newspapers), the motives for which were not for a moment misunderstood by those who, through many long years of acquaintance with the Literary Fund and the ad-

"Qy. sewn?—Prin. Dev."

ministration of its succours, were well aware that no individual had brought so much to its coffers, nor been more active and anxious in their application to literary distress, than the individual in question. Such is the true history of the rape of Sir John Soane's portrait; which it may be confessed, though rather surprised at having committed it, the perpetrator was never more sorry for than a laugh would express. But to more amusing topics, though we must break off for a week to arrive at them.

## GEN. PÉPÉ AND ITALY.

*Memoirs of General Pépé; comprising the principal Military and Political Events of Modern Italy.*

Written by Himself. 3 vols. 12mo. Bentley. A naïve and entertaining piece of autobiography, in which a most unhesitating egotism is not the least obvious feature. Swift's P. P., Clerk of the Parish, was not more of a hero in his own eyes than the Neapolitan General Pépé in his estimate of himself. Of a good Calabrese family, he entered the army, and served in the revolutionary wars of the last half century; and has been throughout an ardent partisan of that body whose aims are directed to the regeneration of Italy as an independent kingdom, which it has not been since the days of the Romans. It is not our duty, nor would it answer our ends, to notice the affairs, warlike or political, the Carbonari plots, or insurrectionary convulsions, *quorum pars* (and according to his account) *magna* was the general. His fights, his flights, his captures, and his imprisonments—his escapes, his duels, and his disasters, form a singular narrative; but perhaps the better portion of the work will be found in its incidental description of the country and its inhabitants, together with some lights thrown upon matters not hitherto well and clearly understood by the public. Holding this opinion, we omit all consecutive operations, and proceed to exemplify our subject by a few selected examples. In 1806, when Pépé served under King Joseph, as he afterwards did under King Joachim Murat, always against the Anglo-Sicilians, he says:

"I found the city of Naples very different from what I had left it. Three years of uninterrupted study and adversity—which teaches more than books, added to the events brought about by the French, not one of which had escaped my memory—had tended to impel my boundless enthusiasm into a worthier channel. Without having in any way renounced my former convictions, I began to see that the eventual triumph of patriotic principles must not be put in peril when there is no rational chance of effecting it. What had happened in France was now observable with us; that is to say, the very term 'republic' had become a word of derision. There existed, however, a difference in the change which had been brought about in both countries. In France, associated with republicans of the purest sentiments of patriotism and the highest virtues, were men stained with every vice and with every crime. It was not so with us. Republicanism was a sentiment which had originated with the highest classes, and was confined to the enlightened and the wealthy, whilst all the evils which surrounded us were instigated and committed by the clergy, the lower orders, or the sovereign. Every individual patriot gloried in his proved republicanism as having been free from evil deeds or evil intentions. King Joseph did not dare to repeat in Naples a saying uttered by Napoleon in the council of state at Paris: 'It is possible to find some honest men amongst the republicans.' This speech was repeated to me at Brussels in 1825 by Berlier and Thibaudieu the historian, counsellors of state under the empire, who were both present at the council when the Emperor uttered the sarcasm. In the meanwhile, although the partisans of freedom in Naples were obliged to renounce a liberal government and national independence, they nevertheless established a great number of those institutions which pave the way to liberty. No conqueror ever possessed

a better opportunity of settling his power on a solid basis than Joseph Buonaparte in Naples. The upper classes of society, the aristocracy, the learned, the rich, were all devoted to him. Such a concord of feeling was both extraordinary and unique; but neither Joseph himself nor France knew how to avail themselves of it, as the sequel will shew.

"I was presented to the minister of war, Dumas, by General Caracciolo, my former major in the Italian Legion. From my extreme anxiety to produce the well or ill-digested theories I had imbibed in prison, I was very loquacious, and urged so strongly to the minister the danger threatened to Calabria by the impending landing (which I affirmed to be certain) not only of the British, but of all Cardinal Ruffo's banditti levies, who had acquired consequence in 1799, that he ordered a militia to be raised throughout the country. He next presented me to King Joseph. Although this new-made king was courteous and affable, and by no means deficient in information, these qualities alone were not sufficient to establish him firmly on the throne to which he had been elevated. Impelled by the vanity of rivalling the former dynasty, he displayed the most excessive and injudicious luxury. The sumptuousness of his table was talked of throughout the kingdom. Having left his wife in France, he led a very free life, inviting the young ladies of the court to accompany him to the chase, under the appellation of *cacciatri*. The kingdom at that period was overrun by a horde of Frenchmen, who had followed the king to Naples. These were mostly men who had been unable to find any occupation in their own country. They were, however, all employed either in the military or civil departments of the administration, and holding the most lucrative situations, were regarded, and justly, as greedy bloodsuckers draining the impoverished treasury, already too much exhausted to satisfy their cravings, or to support the expenses of so luxurious a court. The result was that before long the French, whom we had so ardently desired, were looked upon and tolerated as an unavoidable evil, from which we longed to be released. If there were a great number of vagabonds amongst the French in Naples, there were some men likewise of undoubted honour and ability in the military and civil departments. These latter were of great assistance to us in the organisation of the army, as well as in the establishment of our civil administration. Such men unfortunately were few."

His version of the battle of Maida will interest English readers. "Then (he tells, having himself been taken prisoner in another part of the country) I could no longer doubt the defeat of the French. As the reader may wish to learn how this event was brought about, I will offer the judgment I was enabled to form from the report of several French officers of rank who had been present at the battle, and what I learnt from General Regnier and the inhabitants of the neighbouring cities of Maida and Nicastro, best fitted to form a judgment upon the case. General Regnier was in Upper Calabria with an army of seven thousand men, who were dispersed through the province. He kept in Lower Calabria a thousand men under the command of General Verdier. On the first appearance of the British fleet along the shore of St. Eufemia, Regnier, by dint of forced marches, got together his seven thousand men on the heights of Maida, half of whom on their arrival were worn out by fatigue. The position occupied by the English was extremely unfavourable in many respects. It was a dreary shore, infected by malaria, and exposed to the scorching rays of a July sun, where, had they remained long, they must have perished from fatigue. As to the French, they were no less unfortunately placed; for if they acted on the offensive, their opponents had the great advantage of being encamped in a most favourable position. Regnier, supported by six thousand infantry, moved directly against the English, without allowing time for part

of his harassed troops to recruit their jaded strength by rest and refreshment. On beholding the enemy drawn out in order of battle, he ordered his forces to be formed into two parallel lines, with the officers and ensigns in front to preserve the line unbroken. He next commanded his men to advance at a brisk pace with their muskets shouldered, disdaining every indirect manœuvre, and not even giving time for his cavalry to charge the left wing of the enemy, against which his attack was directed. The English, who had constantly practised firing at a target in Sicily, and who were become skilful marksmen, directed their shot so ably that they caused great havoc in the French ranks, killing and wounding many. General Regnier now ordered the second line to advance and file through the first; and as this movement is extremely difficult of execution under an enemy's fire, the result was that the French army fell into confusion, and Regnier was obliged to retreat. He has been accused of having precipitated his attack from a too vehement desire to exterminate the English commanded by General Stewart, by whom he had been defeated in Egypt. To this accusation the general replied, that had he hesitated to attack the English, their presence in that part of the country would have raised the people up in arms; and that if some French officers had not ordered a halt to enable them to fire in their turn, their troops would have broken the English lines with their bayonets. This latter movement, he explained, had not been carried into effect, because the Swiss and Polish troops did not carry out his orders. The above is what is reported respecting this battle, which in its consequences cost so much blood and misery to the Neapolitans. History tells us that this was not the first time that French valour had been unavailing against the English, merely because they had attacked without heeding the advantageous position of their camp, and because they set at naught those precautions which are prescribed by the art of war.

"The French, who were my fellow-prisoners, resigned themselves easily to their fate; but I was by no means equally tranquil, certain that I should either be put to death or else be sent back again to the Fossa del Maritimo. We began our march under the escort of the before-mentioned detachment. The people were up in arms on all sides, heaping the most ferocious insults upon the partisans of the French, whom they seemed to regard with more hatred than they did the French themselves. We proceeded on our march until we reached a village called I Confienti, the birthplace of Major Pane di Grano, who had fought in 1799 under Cardinal Ruffo, being at that time a galley-slave loaded with chains. Since then he had risen to the rank of a superior officer, and was now commander-in-chief of the band of insurgents. To great personal courage, he added a warm and generous nature. As an instance of his delicacy of feeling, he made those about him believe that I was a French officer; and treating me as his most distinguished prisoner, engaged us all to dine with him in the most pressing manner. When we were seated at table, he recognised amongst us the Governor of Scigliano, who some months before had arrested and brought before a military commission the son of this Pane di Grano, who was put to death immediately. Notwithstanding these circumstances, the major, an ex-convict, and then commander-in-chief of all the insurgents in the province of Catanzaro, not only abstained from wreaking any vengeance upon the man who had injured him, and who was fully in his power, but he even feigned not to recognise the author of his son's death. How many philosophers, who have written volumes upon morality, would have been incapable of imitating the generous forbearance of this man! We resumed our march, and before we had proceeded far were overtaken by night. Those who commanded the detachment took little precaution to prevent our escape, convinced that should we make such an attempt, we should be

immediately torn to pieces by the infuriated people. Having obtained information respecting the route we were to follow, I perceived that we were about to cross the village of St. Biagio. A French sergeant, who was amongst the prisoners, had formerly known the commander of the provincial National Guard, whose name was Tropea, and whom he represented to me as a worthy man. I slackened my pace; and crouching down beside some huge stones rising out of a stream which runs near Biagio, I waited until the column of prisoners had advanced a considerable distance. I then entered the village; and after passing through its streets without encountering a living being, I knocked at the door of a small cottage. My summons immediately brought a young man to the door. I represented myself to him as an officer newly landed from Sicily, who desired to know the residence of Signor Tropea. This young man, who was by profession a shoemaker, offered to conduct me thither at once. As we walked along, he did nothing but bless the arrival of the English troops which had defeated the French. He proceeded to state, that assisted by the people they would drive the former out of the kingdom; and that lastly, the destruction of the patriots, who had for the second time called foreigners into the country, would be effected. This conversation was by no means calculated to raise my hopes."

After some perilous adventures, he is finally conducted to General Stewart's head-quarters, and meets with humane consideration and treatment.

Pass we on now to 1815, the escape of Napoleon from Elba.

"I did not (says the General) expect so important an event; but I could not doubt that the king, who had during the preceding year been in uninterrupted communication with the great captain, would now have seconded his views to the utmost of his power. I was convinced that, supported by the Emperor, Joachim would have decided upon the mode of conducting his impending war with Austria; and that both, profiting by the experience of their past misfortunes, would have acted with wisdom and unanimity, not only in war but in politics. However, notwithstanding the long correspondence they had kept up together, subsequent events will shew how little real communication existed between the two princes."

The Neapolitans march against the Austrians, and Pépé shines in his command and heroic exploits.

"The Austrians retreated before us without commencing the attack; and after we had reached the Rubicon, which awakens in the mind the remembrance of mighty events, Carascosa extended his hand, when we were in the midst of the little river, and clasping mine, he said, 'Let us swear to perish rather than give up the enterprise we have entered upon:' and we both took the oath from the depth of our hearts. At night we entered Rimini, and on the following day we resumed our march; the Austrians constantly retreating before us. They, however, took up their position upon the high road, a few miles on this side of Cesena, and there began to fire. As the white plume upon my hat was extremely conspicuous, the bullets were directed so constantly against me, that one of the lancers by my side was wounded. Without loss of time, and accompanied by two battalions of the second light regiment, I turned to my left, and, favoured by the inequality of the ground, I concealed this movement from the enemy, and reached a church which commands the city of Cesena. From this elevation, I could perceive that the Austrians within the walls were in a state of the utmost confusion, having been driven from the high road by Carascosa. The circuit I had made to reach the church was not known, and I recommended my followers to advance at full speed, but without firing. They did not all hear my orders, and some by discharging their muskets hastened the retreat of the enemy. I reached one of the gates of the city, which was opened to me by the inhabitants;

I left there an aide-de-camp with orders to let no one enter, and to prepare for the second light regiment's taking possession of the bridge across the Lavio. Accompanied merely by two lancers, I then proceeded into the city, which I supposed to have been evacuated. As I advanced through the streets, several ladies, who were at the windows, called out to me, saying, 'Do not go on, General, or the enemy's cavalry will take you prisoner.' Not rightly hearing what they said, I supposed that they were exclaiming in favour of Italy, and I saluted them as I proceeded on my way. All of a sudden, I saw an Austrian colonel, Gavendo (who had been my companion during the last campaign), at the head of a detachment of hussars. Such an unexpected sight caused me immediately to turn my horse's head, and I galloped back at full speed. The Austrian officer, on his part, concluding that I was followed by my column, took to flight; so that the ladies at the windows must have had ample food for laughter at our expense. I returned to the gate from whence I had entered; and after gathering together a small column of infantry, I again returned into the city. We drove the Austrians before us the whole length of the town; they abandoned a few horses, and finding that we pressed so closely upon them, they threw themselves from the walls to avoid being made prisoners.

"When the king arrived, he congratulated me on this little event, and unluckily invited me to dine with him at a time when I stood far more in need of rest, having to establish my camp on the other side of Cesena, and again to follow the enemy at dawn on the following day. Carascosa and Millet, chief of the staff, likewise dined with the king; who said so many and such things during the course of the evening, that Carascosa and myself gazed at each other with wonder. The king fancied he possessed an army that could vie with the Imperial Guard of Napoleon; and was little pleased to hear me say, that with the exception of the hussars of the guard, of the guard of honour, which was by no means numerous, and the light horse, the remainder of the cavalry stood in great need of instruction."

Bravely does our hero battle on, in spite of all the errors of Murat and others; his Neapolitans being represented, when led by such a man as himself, to be equal, if not superior, to the most veteran troops on the face of the earth. Sundry desertions and panics, however, do not fully sustain this boast. These, however, we must reserve for another No.

#### HOWITT'S HOMES OF THE POETS.

[Second notice; conclusion: Claims of Literary Men.] It may be surmised that Mr. Howitt has a due notion of the consequence of authorship, and is little inclined to compliment any other class of men who do not *Ko-tou* to that supremacy. He pushes the matter, in our judgment, much too far; and his blaming people of every rank for not, at once, recognising the passport of his card, and not only understanding his claims, but going personally out of their way to help him, is almost an outrage upon common social rights. The following extract, however, is of interest to all authors, and rather curious in a publication on which the publisher has bestowed so much pains and cost. He is speaking of the Ettrick Shepherd, and the grotesque figure he is made to cut in *Blackwood's "Noctes."*

"It must (he says) be confessed that no justification can be offered for such treatment. Such was my own opinion, derived from this source, of Hogg, and from prints of him, with wide open mouth and huge straggling teeth, in full roars of drunken laughter, that, on meeting him in London, I was quite amazed to find him so smooth, well-looking, and gentlemanly a sort of person. There are many truths which James Hogg in his honest candour speaks out, that not one author in a thousand, stand as high and as strong as he may, dares speak out, for fear of the trade, as it is called.

For instance, who will not set the seal of his authority experience to this: 'I would never object trusting a bookseller, were he a man of any taste; for, unless he wishes to reject an author altogether, he can have no interest in asserting what he does not think. But the plague is, they *never read works themselves*, but give them to their minions, with whom there never fails to lurk a literary jealousy; and whose suggestions may be uniformly regarded as any thing but truth. For my own part, I know that I have always been looked on by the learned part of the community as an intruder in the paths of literature, and every opprobrium has been thrown on me from that quarter. The truth is, that I am so. The walks of learning are occupied by a powerful aristocracy, who deem that province their own peculiar right; else, what would avail all their dear-bought collegiate honours and degrees?' So true is James, so far as regards the practice of publishers never reading the MSS. submitted to them, but consigning them to readers; i. e. publishers being the only dealers who never pretend to judge of the article they deal in; that since the publication of the 'Book of Seasons,' which was declined by half a dozen of the principal publishing houses in London, I never suffered MS. of mine to be inspected by any publisher. What is more, finding that publishers in bargaining for copyrights never offered more than half the profits of a single edition, I have always persisted in refusing to sell copyrights, and sold only editions. This is a point that all authors should attend to. An author is not justified in selling the copyrights of his works, which should become the property of his family; especially as he may rest assured that he will, in nine cases out of ten, never get more for the whole copyright than he ought to have for a single edition. The late Mr. Longman once spoke to me a great truth,—a truth confirmed by all experiences of all authors, in all ages, the present forming no exception,—that 'authorship is an agreeable addition to a tolerable fixed income, but as a total dependence is a wretched reed.' Scott, the most successful author of any age, though possessed of a good income independent of literature, died a bankrupt. Maginn, Hood, Blanchard, and a host of others, have yet to swell the history of the calamities of authors.

"Speaking again of a certain publisher, James says, 'The great fault of the man is, that the more he can provoke an author by insolence and contempt, he likes the better. Besides, he will never confess that he is in the wrong, else any thing might be forgiven. No, no; the thing is impossible that he can ever be wrong! The poor author is not only always in the wrong, but, 'Oh, he is the most insufferable beast!' And the truth is, that authors are in the wrong. They are in the wrong not to have combined long ago, like other professions, for the maintenance of their common interests, and for the elevation of the character of the class. They are a rope of sand. Cliques and small coteries may and do congregate; but there has ever been wanting amongst authors a comprehensive plan of union. It is true that their body is continually swelled by adventurers, and often characterless adventurers. He who succeeds in nothing else, thinks he can succeed as an author, or the master of a school. These men, often unprincipled, or poor, bring great reproach upon the whole body; and accordingly you hear authors commonly spoken of by publishers as a most reckless, improvident, unprincipled, and contemptible set of men. This is the tone in which publishers are educated, it is the tone that pervades their publishing houses, it is the spirit and gospel of the Row. The authors of the present day are regarded by publishers exactly as they were in the days of Grub-street. In their eyes they are poor, helpless, and untractable devils. And whence arises this? It is because authors have taken no single step to place themselves on a different footing. Are authors now what authors were in the days of Grub-street? They are a far different body.

They are a far more numerous, and far more respectable body. We may safely assert, that there is no profession which includes so much talent, as there is none which diffuses such a vast amount of knowledge and intelligence through the world. They are the class, indeed, which are the enlighteners, and modellers, and movers of society. Yet, strange to say, invincibly powerful in the public cause, they are weak as water in their own: capable of challenging offenders in the very highest places; arraigning at the public tribunal, lords, peers, or the very crowned heads themselves; and sure, when they have truth on their side, of being victorious: yet they lie prostrate in individual weakness at the foot of every well-fed seller of a book, and receive his kicks with an astonishing patience. Nay, they have not the shrewdness of our butchers and bakers, who hang together and grow rich; they are a set of Ishmaelites, whose hands are against every man of their own class, and every man's hand is against them. From behind the barricades of newspapers and reviews they fire with murderous rage on each other, instead of turning their force on the common enemy.

When we call to mind the men who are now actually living as members of the great community of authors, rich bankers, men of titles and large estates, wealthy traders, ladies and gentlemen of the most respectable private fortunes, professional men clearing large incomes by their professions, distinct from literature, it must be confessed that the world has no such instance of infatuation to shew as that of authors. Combine, and they may defy poverty and the world. How small a sum, contributed annually by every author, would soon raise a fund capable of not only succouring all cases of professional need, without recourse to the present Literary Fund, which is a degrading charity towards those who should establish a claim on a proper professional fund for themselves! How small a sum would not only do this, but also present a noble fund for the support of every authorly interest, the defence of every authorly right! If the men of property, character, and influence in the body would but bestow a very small portion of their time and attention to the general interests of the body, how soon would the whole body feel the animating and, I may add, reforming spirit of such coalition! The upright and honourable would acquire confidence; the unprincipled would be disconcerted; and the tone of publishers would rapidly alter towards men who had not only learned to respect themselves, but were resolved to establish respect for the body. 'Get authors to combine! Sooner,' exclaim both publishers and authors themselves, when such a notion is avowed, 'chain the winds, or make granite slabs out of sea-sand!' Yet, spite of this humiliating opinion of authors, let but a number of the most respectable names once unite for the purpose, and it will be seen that the rest of the worthy will flock round them, and that few would venture to stand alone, as individuals improvident, or indifferent to the interests and the character of the body. I have considered it my duty to corroborate the main opinions of James Hogg on this point. In the course of inquiries necessary for the writing of this work, I have had to stand on so many spots marked by the miseries of authors; in rooms where they have shed their own blood, or perished by poison in the hour of destitution and despair; by dismal pools, where they have plunged at midnight from starvation to death; or where, covered with fame, they have lain on their death-beds with scarce any other covering; and I have vowed on those awful spots to call on my fellow-authors to come forward and vindicate their most glorious profession, and to found an association which shall give a motive to every member to respect the name he bears—that of a prophet and an apostle of truth to the world,—and a hope of ultimate aid to him and his, if such aid be needful, as a right and not a boon. *Nearly twenty years of authorship have shewn*

me much and sad experience; but nothing ever revealed to me the low estimation in which authors are held by publishers so much as a simple fact mentioned some time ago in 'Chambers' Journal,' but which was witnessed by myself. I was in an eminent publisher's, when the principal addressed the head clerk thus: *Principal.* 'Mr. ——wishes to open an account with us. He is a publisher of some standing, and seems getting on very well; I think we may do it.' *Clerk* (drawing himself up in an attitude of ineffable surprise). 'Sir! *he is an author!*' *Prin.* 'Oh, that alters the question entirely. I did not know that. Open an account? Certainly not! Certainly not!'

'Is there an author who hears this who does not ask himself the question, why they who ought to be regarded only with reverence, and whose talents should invest them with a panoply of salutary fear, should thus be the objects of uttermost contempt? But take another anecdote. The publisher of a celebrated review and myself were conversing on literary matters, when a very popular author was announced, who begged a word with the publisher, and they retired together. Presently the publisher came back. *Publisher.* 'We were talking of the relative merits of authors and publishers just now.' *Myself.* 'Yes.' *Pub.* 'Well, you authors regard yourselves as the salt of the earth. It is you who are the great men of the world; you move society, and propel civilisation; we publishers are but good pudding eaters, and paymasters to you.' *M.* 'True enough; but *you* think that you are the master manufacturers, and *we* authors the poor devil artisans who really have no right to more than artisan wages.' *Pub.* 'Ay, if you will take them as wages, and often before they are earned. Grant that you are the salt of the earth; methinks the salt has wonderfully lost its savour when it has to come with a manuscript in one hand, and holds out the other for the instant pay, or the kettle cannot boil. See; there, now, is a man just gone, that will be a name these five hundred years hence; yet what does he come to me for? For a sovereign! I tell you candidly, that if no hero can be a hero to his *valet de chambre*, neither can an author be a hero to his publisher, when he comes *in forma pauperis* every day before him. For the life of me, I cannot maintain an admiration of a man when, like a rat, he is always nibbling at my purse-strings, and especially when I know—and what publisher does not know it?—that give the coin before the work is done, and it never is done. I content myself with things as I find them, and I leave all homage to the reader.'

'Let the whole body of authors lay these things duly to heart, and there will not long be an association for the maintenance of its honour and its interests in every profession but theirs.'

The contest between writers and publishers here propounded as having always been fought and desirable to fight again under better auspices for authors, we leave to these belligerents: the case is different as between the latter and the public individually or collectively. And this last question is brought to issue by the extracts which appeared in last *Gazette*, and by the annexed quotation, which describes Mr. Howitt's visit to Glasgow in quest of information relative to Thomas Campbell. He informs us:

'My peregrinations in that city in quest of traces of Campbell was one of the most curious things I ever met with. Accompanied by Mr. David Chambers, the younger brother of Messrs. William and Robert Chambers, of the 'Edinburgh Journal,' I called on a Mr. Gray, a silversmith, in Argyle Street, a cousin of Campbell, and a gentleman at whose house he stayed when he came there. Here we made ourselves sure of our object, at least as to where Campbell was born. We were not so sure, however. Mr. Gray, a tall grey man, made his appearance; and on my asking if he could oblige me by informing me where Campbell was born, to our great astonishment he replied, that he really did not

know. 'And, indeed,' asked he, very gravely, 'what may be your object in making this inquiry?' I presented my card, and informed him that it was to gain information for a work on the residences of celebrated poets. The tall grey man reared himself to an extraordinary height, and looked very blank, as though it was a sort of business very singular to him, and quite out of his line. Had my name been that of a silver merchant, no doubt it would have been instantly recognised; as it was, it was just as much known to him as if it had been Diggery Mustapha, the ambassador of the Grand Turk himself [*hinc illa lachryma*]. He shook his head, looked very solemn, and 'could really say nothing to it.' 'What!' I exclaimed, 'not know where your celebrated cousin was born?' 'Well, he had an idea that he had sometime heard that it was in High Street.' 'In what house?' 'Could not say,—thought it had been pulled down.' 'Could he tell us of any other part of the city where Campbell had lived?' You might just as well have asked the tallest coffee-pot in his shop. He put on a very forbidding air,—' Gentlemen, you will excuse me; I have business to attend to. Good morning!' Away went Mr. Gray, and away we retreated as precipitately. [Well, and we dare say Mr. Gray had more agreeable and profitable business than to undergo a bullying cross-examination by a stranger, of whom he knew nothing.]\*

" (This continues his interrogator, and truly in an opposite sense to his intent) was an odd beginning. We then proceeded to the shop of Mr. Robertson, the bookseller, who entered most cordially into the inquiry, and said at once, 'Oh, Mr. Gray, the silversmith, is the man!' We laughed, and related our adventure. On this Mr. Robertson, with the most zealous kindness, accompanied me to various parties; but it was not till we reached Mr. Strang, the city-chamberlain, that we got a glimpse of intelligence. Mr. Strang most politely offered to accompany me in my search. He believed it was in High Street. Away we went, and called on the secretaries of the Campbell club; but they, like the tall Mr. Gray, and still more like the Shakspeare club, who know nothing about Shakspeare, knew nothing of Campbell. So we proceeded to the very end of the town, to a blind gentleman, a nephew, I believe, of Campbell; but he was not so blind but that he had found his way out. He was not at home. On returning we met another Mr. Gray, a brother of the former one; and Mr. Strang exclaimed, 'Now we have it! Mr. Gray is a particular friend of mine, and we shall learn all about it.' We accosted him with the question, but he shook his head—and 'really did not know!' This was rather too much for my gravity; and I observed that I supposed the fact was, that Campbell was not known in Glasgow at all. This remark seemed not quite lost. He replied gravely, 'They had heard of him.' And we, too, had heard of him, but not where he was born. On this we went and asked two or three other people, with the like result. We then went across the bridge—I suppose a mile—to Mr. Strang's house, and consulted several books. Mr. Bibdin, in his 'Northern Tour,' we found, gave a very long account of many things in Glasgow, and incidentally mentioned that Campbell the poet was a native of the town. We referred to other books, and learned just as much. Taking my leave of Mr. Strang, a man of much literary taste, and a friend of the late poet Motherwell, and who had amid pressing public business devoted some hours to assist my inquiry, I went and dined, and afterwards set out afresh to clear up this great mystery. Had I wanted but a manufacturer of any stuff but poetry, how soon could I have found him! [Qy. Glasgow is a very busy and active commercial and manufacturing place; and people in such localities have generally enough ado to attend to their own affairs.] I directed my way

\* The redoubt and sagacious Baillie Nicol Jarvie was a fair type of the Glasgow Merchant, and though he knew something of Maegregors, he knew nothing of Campbells,

to High Street itself, a very long street, running up to the High Kirk, that is, the old cathedral, and in which the college stands, and inquired of the book-sellers. It was in vain. One bookseller had been forty years on the spot, but had never heard where Campbell was born. Seeing all inquiries vain, I went on to the cemetery to see the grave of Motherwell. Now Motherwell, too, was born in Glasgow, and he is buried here. He was not only a poet, but an active editor of a paper. I asked a respectable-looking man, walking near the cemetery-gate, if he knew where he lay. 'Oh,' said he, 'ye'll find his grave, and that of Tennant too.' 'What! is Tennant dead, then?' 'Oh, ay, sure is he.' 'What! Tennant, the author of "Anster Fair"? Why, he did not live here, and I fancy is still living.' 'Oh, no,' replied the man; 'I mean, Mr. Tennant of the Secret Chemical Works there.' pointing to a tall smoking chimney. Heaven help us! what is a poet in Glasgow!—I went on, and found tombs and mausolea as big as houses, ay, and fine large houses too; but Motherwell has not a stone as big as an ostrich-egg to mark the spot where he lies! One of the grave-diggers, however, knew the place. 'Strangers,' he said, 'often inquire after it; but you'll not find it yourself,' he said, 'there's nothing to distinguish it—so he went and pointed it out. There stand, however, on the spot a thorn and laburnum. It is at a turn of the carriage-road, as you ascend at the north end of the cemetery. God save the mark! There is the poet's grave, sure enough, without a stone or epitaph; and opposite to it is a large Doric temple, with wreaths of bay on its front, the resting-place, no doubt, of some mighty man of mills. Such was my day's perambulation in Glasgow in quest of the traces of poets.'

Now, upon this statement (and the others already alluded to, and a great many more in these volumes) we must express our opinion, warmly inclined as it is towards our own class, that the writer pushes his pretensions under their banner to a very presumptuous and inexcusable length, and throws about his censures with unbecoming liberality. It is because the literary character in this country is not sufficiently appreciated, that those who honourably deserve it ought to be as remarkable for their modesty and unobtrusiveness as for their talent and genius. Their rightful position is more likely to be acquired by quiet intellectual culture and unseeking self-respect, than by the clamorous assertion of their consequence and boastful self-importance:

On their own merits modest men are dumb.  
Paudite . . .

The plaudits need not be demanded; they come voluntarily from those whose praise is worth any thing, and the best of the elevated in rank and station do not exclude from their society the converse of really accomplished scholars and gifted authors. It is true that many of the wealthy and powerful, in a land where money is almost the be-all and the end-all, have not capacity enough, nor taste, nor refinement to relish such intercourse; but as far as we can speak from long experience and observation, the genuine pursuits of literature, instead of tending to exclusion and dislike, generally lifts its votaries into a much higher range of society than they could otherwise have reached. As for political consideration, we have nothing to say; and are rather glad to turn from this unpleasing topic, to conclude with something else our review of the book before us.

Mr. Howitt writes enthusiastically of the genius of Keats, and bitterly against those who did not think so highly of its early promise. He is also rapturous in his admiration of Shelley; and apologises for any imperfections of his youth. His expulsion from college he treats as a gross severity; and thus refers to a yet more painful subject:

"If all youths were treated thus brutally at that age when doubts beset almost every man, and more especially the earnest and inquiring, what would become of our finest and noblest characters? When

men begin to study the grounds of theology, they must study too what is advanced by the opposers. The consequence is at once, that all that has been received as fact by unquestioning bayhood falls to the ground; and they have to begin again, and test, through doubts and anxieties, and amid the menaces of despair, all the evidence on which our faith is built. Seize on any one of these inquirers at this peculiar crisis, and expel him for atheism; and if he be a man of quick feelings and a high spirit, you will pretty certainly make him that for which you have stigmatised him. His pride will unite with his doubts to fix him, to petrify him, as it were, into incurable unbeliever. It would be a brutal and murderous procedure. Such procedure had the worst effect on Shelley. The consequences were a sort of repudiation of him by his father and family, who had built the highest worldly hopes on his talents. There was a fierce hue and cry set up after him in the world, and the very next year saw him sit down and write 'Queen Mab.' The actions of this portion of his life are the least defensible of any portion of it. He seemed restless, unhappy, and put into a more antagonistic temperament by his public expulsion from college, which he felt more deeply than was natural to him, or could have arisen, had he been treated differently. At this period he made his first unfortunate marriage, with a young woman of humble station, and, as it proved, of very uncongenial mind. They separated, and in her distress she, some time afterwards, drowned herself. Differing as I do most widely from Shelley, both in his ideas regarding Christianity and marriage, it is but just to say, that they who knew him best, and his second wife, the celebrated daughter of celebrated parents, Godwin and Mary Wollstonecraft, most emphatically assert their assurances that 'in all he did, at the time of doing it, he believed himself justified to his conscience; while the various ills of poverty, and the loss of friends, brought home to him the sad realities of life.' My opinion is, that at this period the state of excitement into which so gross an outrage on his sensitive nature had thrown him, is to be regarded as the most palliative cause of anything in Shelley which was not in perfect harmony with the general tone of his benign spirit. For his errors at this period, though they never could be run into by Shelley himself and with a consciousness of error, he suffered deeply and severely. One of his biographers says, 'Nobody could lament the catastrophe of his wife's death more bitterly than he did. For a time it tore his being to pieces.' For about two years after his wife's death he seemed to be wandering about in quest of rest, and not finding it."

We fear there was too much cause for regret; but we will not depart from the spirit in which the writer has viewed the infirmities, offences, and sins of genius. It has a hard unfeeling world to struggle against; and is like a naked man fighting against a band ribbed in stubborn steel armour. Far be it from us to add to the fearful odds against it: we only counsel it how to demean itself. But we trust we have done enough to indicate what this work is. On the "liberal" sentiments of the author infused into it throughout it is unnecessary to comment, as they are the same in all his productions. It therefore only remains for us to say, that the numerous illustrations, by W. and G. Meason, are chosen with infinite taste, and beautifully executed.

*Jobson's History of the French Revolution.* 8vo, pp. 338. Churton.

This is a second edition, and inscribed to the King of the French, as "a tribute of respect for a character serene alike amid peace and misfortune," praise which was better relished in England in 1841, when the first edition appeared, than it is now. The narrative states the facts clearly and consecutively; and, without much reasoning or opinion-giving, is a fair and readable account of the revolution.

*The Life of Dr. Johnson.* By the Rev. J. F. Russell, B.C.L. Pp. 320. J. Burns.

A BIOGRAPHY of our great moralist, chiefly compiled from Boswell, but improved from other public sources, and extremely well arranged; so formed and constructed, we need hardly add that it is a volume of considerable interest, and well adapted to be put with advantage into youthful hands.

*Orators of the Age; comprising Portraits Critical, Biographical, and Descriptive.* By G. H. Francis, Editor of "Maxims, &c. of the Duke of Wellington." Pp. 415. G. W. Nickisson.

Most of this volume has appeared in the columns of *Fraser's Magazine*, and consists of the writer's estimate of the eloquence of a number of our public men; with one exception, all of them parliamentary. He has taken impartiality, as regards politics, with him into the task, and displayed much ability in the discussion. Opinions, of course, will differ upon such a congeries of subjects; but we may truly say of the work that it gives a generally very fair idea of the "Orators of the Age" on whom it bestows that title: more than one-half of them being certainly no orators at all.

*Descriptions of Ningara; selected from various Travellers, with Original Additions.* By W. Barham. 8vo, pp. 150. Gravesend.

WITH some remarks of the compiler, selections from Dickens, Mrs. Trollope, J. S. Buckingham, the lamented Tyrone Power, N. P. Willis, James Stuart, Mrs. Jameson, Major Hamilton, T. R. Preston, G. Heriot, J. Latrobe, Capt. Basil Hall, and other travellers, as well as of poetry by Mrs. Sigourney, and various bards who have sung this prodigious Helicon, make up the sum of this volume. Those who are desirous to know the mass that has been penned on the subject will find it here: for ourselves, our only criticism shall be borrowed from Shakespeare [vide Julius Caesar]:

"Oh, what a Fall was there, my countrymen!"

*Alison's History of Europe, from the French Revolution, 1789, to the Restoration of the Bourbons.* 1815. Vol. I. 12mo, 7th edition. Blackwoods.

Did we want to eulogise a great historical, or, indeed, any other important work, we might be content to say, Look at this title-page, and mark the magic words "seventh edition." But, in point of fact, eulogy is unnecessary. Alison's *History* has long obtained a very high and universal reputation; and even where its opinions or data have been questioned (as the opinions and data of all history ever will be), a contemporaneous testimony has been borne to the extraordinary ability and comprehensive views of the author. And what an era to illustrate! A quarter of a century of mighty and matchless events, more wonderful than any within the past annals of mankind; and the prodigious results of which have yet to be wrought out for the weal or woe of succeeding generations. It is therefore a publication which we rejoice to see reissued in this new, moderately priced, and convenient shape. It is, to use the bookselling phrase, got up in an exceedingly neat and useful style; with marginal head-notes to guide the reader, and with an arrangement of the contents most suitable for reference. We cannot but consider the whole to be a valuable national service; and we cannot doubt but that the country will reward it by the extensive patronage so well deserved by its merits.

*The Oxford, Cambridge, Durham, London, and Dublin University and Ecclesiastical Almanack for 1847.* By W. A. Warwick. 4to. Rivingtons.

VERY handsomely ornamented, this publication is exactly the thing to lay on the library table of a comfortable rector. It is good to look upon among well bound books, full of the needful information, and conveniently prepared for memanda.

*Gower's Scientific Phenomena of Domestic Life.* Longmans, Has reached a second edition, and deserved it. It is equally pleasing and instructive,

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL IRISH ACADEMY: THE CENTRAL SUN.  
Dec. 14th.—Sir W. Hamilton announced the presumed discovery, by Prof. Mädler, of a central sun, and exhibited to several members Prof. Mädler's essay on the subject (*Die Central Sonne*, Dorpat, 1840). The following report, containing a sketch of the results arrived at, and which were briefly stated to the meeting, we take from the *Dublin Evening Post*:

"By an extensive and laborious comparison of the quantities and directions of the proper motions of the stars in various parts of the heavens, combined with indications afforded by the parallaxes hitherto determined, and with the theory of universal gravitation, Prof. Mädler has arrived at the conclusion that the Plaides form the central group of our whole astral or sidereal system, including the Milky Way and all the brighter stars, but exclusive of the more distant nebulae, and of the stars of which those nebulae may be composed. And within this central group itself he has been led to fix on the star Alcyone (otherwise known by the name of Eta Tauri), as occupying exactly or nearly the position of the centre of gravity, and as entitled to be called the central sun. Assuming Bessel's parallax of the star 61 Cygni,<sup>\*</sup> long since remarkable for its large proper motion, to be correctly determined, Mädler proceeds to form a first approximate estimate of the distance of this central body from the planetary or solar system; and arrives at the (provisional) conclusion, that Alcyone is about 34,000,000 times as far removed from us, or from our own sun, as the latter luminary is from us. It would therefore, according to this estimation, be at least a million times as distant as the new planet of which the theoretical or deductive discovery has been so great and beautiful a triumph of modern astronomy, and so striking a confirmation of the law of Newton. The same approximate determination of distance conducts to the result that the light of the central sun occupies more than five centuries in travelling thence to us. The enormous orbit which our own sun, with the earth and the other planets, is thus inferred to be describing about that distant centre, not indeed under its influence alone, but by the combined attraction of all the stars which are nearer to it than we are, and which are estimated to amount to more than 117,000,000 of masses, each equal to the total mass of our own solar system, is supposed to require upwards of 18,000,000 of years for its complete description, at the rate of about eight geographical miles in every second of time. The plane of this vast orbit of the sun is judged to have an inclination of about 8° degrees to the ecliptic, or to the place of the annual orbit of the earth; and the longitude of the ascending node of the former orbit on the latter is concluded to be nearly 237 degrees. The general conclusions of Mädler respecting the constitution of the whole system of the fixed stars, exclusive of the distant nebulae, are the following:—He believes that the middle is indicated by a very rich group (the Plaides), containing many considerable individual bodies, though at immense distances from us. Round this he supposes there is a zone, proportionally poor in stars, and then a broad, rich, ring-formed layer, followed by an interval comparatively devoid of stars, and afterwards by another annular and starry space, perhaps with several alternations of the same kind, the two outermost rings composing the two parts of the Milky Way, which are confounded with each other by perspective in the portions most distant from ourselves. Professor Mädler has acknowledged in his work his obligations, which are those of all inquirers in sidereal astronomy, to the researches of Sir William and Sir John Herschel."

\* M. Faye, we believe, has just determined the parallax of one of the stars of Ursa Major.—*Ed. L. G.*

## LITERARY AND LEARNED.

## THE ÆLFRIc SOCIETY.

*The Homilies of the Anglo-Saxon Church*; edited and translated by B. Thorpe, Esq.  
*The Poetry of the Codex Vercellensis*; edited and translated by John M. Kemble, Esq. Part I.  
*The Anglo-Saxon Dialogues of Solomon and Saturn*; edited by J. M. Kemble, Esq. Part I. Introduction.

Our attention has been called at the present moment to this Society by the number of complaints against its proceedings which have lately been made to us. The Ælfri Society was founded in the year 1843, chiefly, we believe, by the zeal of Mr. Benjamin Thorpe, who is, perhaps, all things considered, the best Anglo-Saxon scholar this country has produced. Its object, "the publication of those Anglo-Saxon and other literary monuments, both civil and ecclesiastical, tending to illustrate the early state of England, which have either not yet been given to the world, or of which a more correct and convenient edition may be deemed desirable," could not but meet with our approbation. The collection of Anglo-Saxon homilies by Mr. Thorpe, now completed in two volumes, is a valuable addition to the library of every Anglo-Saxon scholar. So much has been said on the subject of Anglo-Saxon homilies of late years, that it is not necessary for us to offer a review of them. Perhaps, as theological works, too much importance has been given to them by all parties. The poetry of the Vercelli ms. edited by Mr. Kemble, is also a desirable publication; and we regret that it has not yet been completed. In the *Anglo-Saxon Dialogues of Solomon and Saturn*, Mr. Kemble has reversed the ordinary practice of editors, by publishing the introduction previous to the text, instead of beginning with the latter. To judge from the slight glance we have given to it, we are inclined to regret that Mr. Kemble has departed from the established rule; and would have been better content to have the text, and wait for the introduction. We think that all the information of any real interest comprised in it might have been given in one fourth of the compass.

The list issued by the Council contains the titles of a number of other works of interest; but there seems to be a doubt whether they will ever be enabled to publish them. As we have stated, the Society was founded in 1843; the subscription to be 12. per annum, with the exception of the first year, when 24. were required. The works of the Society have been issued slowly, in thin parts, until they have reached the number of twelve; no general meeting has yet been held; no statement of the accounts has been laid before the members; and now a circular is issued, demanding the subscription for five years, amounting to 6L. The members in general, having received so little for the money, are naturally dissatisfied; and it does seem to us that there has been, somewhere or other, a great deal of mismanagement. A copy of the Prospectus has been sent to us by one of the complaining members, along with a set of the books. In looking at the printed laws, we find it stated that "a general meeting of the Society shall be held on the 27th day of May, 1844, and on the 27th day of May in every succeeding year." But no general meeting, we repeat, on good assurance, has yet been held. It is further provided in these laws, that "the accounts of the Society shall be audited annually, by three auditors;" and that "the report of the auditors, with an abstract of the accounts, shall be printed for the information of the members." This has never been done. We can imagine the case of the officers not being prepared to meet the general body at the end of the first year; but they certainly ought not to have gone on printing till the fifth year, without giving any account of their liabilities. What can the Council have been doing to allow it? The laws themselves do not appear to us to be very well drawn up. One directs that "the Council shall

consist of seventeen members of the Society, to be elected annually by the members at large, at a general meeting; but no person shall be eligible for election who is not already a member of the Council, or whose name has not been transmitted to the Secretary in a written nomination, signed by two members, on or before the 27th day of April preceding the general meeting." Thus, if no member chances to send, in the ceremonious form indicated, names of new members to be elected on the Council, the Society would have no other alternative than continually to re-elect the old Council. However, we find another law immediately following, according to which "three members of the Council for the past year shall in every year be ineligible for re-election;" so that, in the case supposed (which is an exceedingly probable one), the Council must necessarily go on diminishing every year by three at a time, until it will disappear altogether. But it is clear that the Council of the Ælfri Society might disappear in a much more rapid manner; and that as the law distinctly orders that the Council shall be elected annually at the general meeting, and as no general meeting has been held, it is evident there can have been no Council to this Society since the 27th day of May, 1844; and as the officers are, according to the law, to be elected by the Council annually, the Society must, at the present time, be also without officers. In this dilemma, what is to be done we cannot say. The members have a right to expect an immediate and full statement of the affairs of the Society. It is reported that a rather high rate of remuneration has been paid for editing and translating. We are far from complaining of this, for we think that every labourer is worthy of his hire; but, be it true or not, this report is a further reason for laying the state of the Society before its members.

## THE SURTEES SOCIETY.

*The Durham Household Book; or, the Accounts of the Bursar of the Monastery of Durham. From Pentecost 1530 to Pentecost 1534.* 8vo. 1844.

We have been reminded of a Society which certainly existed before any of those of which we have been latterly speaking, and the publications of which no less certainly deserve our notice; we mean, the Surtees Society. We will at once supply the omission; although our intention was, to restrict our notices to the Camden Society, and to those which had arisen out of it, or been formed in imitation of it. The Surtees Society differs from these in many important characteristics. It was founded, chiefly we believe, by the exertions of the Rev. James Raine, in 1834, for "the publication of inedited manuscripts illustrative of the intellectual, the moral, the religious, and the social condition of those parts of England and Scotland included on the east between the Humber and the Firth of Forth, and on the west between the Mersey and the Clyde, a region which constituted the ancient kingdom of Northumberland." As far as we have been able to learn, the business of the society fell eventually almost entirely under the management of Mr. Raine, and in its latter years he and Mr. Stevenson appear to have been the only editors and selectors of the works for publication; for the editions of which, as we presume from the minutes of council printed in each, they receive a certain remuneration, in this differing of course from the other Societies, in which it must not be forgotten that the editors have hitherto worked gratuitously. We confess that these circumstances had led us to look upon the Surtees Society rather as a subscription list for works of the above description, published by Messrs. Raine and Stevenson, than as a *bona fide* Society.

We by no means complain of this, for we consider it a plan possessing in many respects considerable advantages. The judgment of a committee of persons is seldom so continuously good or so unbiased as that of a single person, when that person is (which is certainly the case with either Mr. Raine or Mr. Stevenson) well acquainted with

the subject he has to deal with. The character of the *Surtees* volumes has been well kept up from the first; and we cannot point out the set of publications of any other society with which we could find so few faults. In another point of view, however, we are inclined to blame the management of the Society, if we take it as a Society: we allude to the great irregularity of its proceedings. Our impression has always been, that two volumes were to be published each year, which we think would be little enough, when we consider that the subscription is more than double that of the *Camden* Society; whereas in thirteen years now past, if we include the year of foundation (1834), only eighteen volumes have yet appeared. What is still more anomalous, the sum total of the prices for which these volumes are sold to the public (for a certain number are set apart for sale) amounts only to 20*l. 6s.*, whereas the subscriptions of a member (at two guineas a year) who has received the same books only for his money, amounts in the thirteen years to 27*l. 6s.* Moreover, it is stated that a person becoming a member now is allowed to buy the books previously issued at a "still lower rate" than that at which they are sold to the public. So that the old members of the society are placed in a disadvantageous position, not only with regard to new members, but with regard to persons who are no members at all. This appears to us to be very bad management, whether we look at it as a Society or as a subscription list.

As we have already intimated, we consider the eighteen volumes just mentioned to be an especially valuable series, especially as a local collection. The history, the manners, the language, and the literature of the north of England are all illustrated in a remarkable manner.

Under the first of these heads, the earlier history of the Saxon kingdom of Northumbria comprehends the lives of *Oswin, Cuthbert, and Easa*, published in a volume under the title of *Miscellanea Biographica*. The history of society in the north in the twelfth century receives extensive light from the volume of *Miracles of St. Cuthbert*, compiled by Reginald of Durham, the most interesting collection of the kind now existing; and they are mixed with not a few details of important events in English history. The naive and amusing narrative, in Anglo-Norman verse, of the events of the war in Northumberland between the English and Scots in 1173 and 1174, by a man who was present and active in it, named *Jordan Fantosme*, is one of the most interesting bits of history with which we are acquainted, and indulges us with many curious glances at the personal character and manners of Henry II. and his courtiers. The history of the subsequent period is partly told by the three Durham historians, *Geoffrey of Coldingham, Robert Greystane, and William Chambre*, here reprinted in a separate and more correct form, and accompanied with a large body of illustrative documents. The lengthy correspondence of Robert Bowes is an equally valuable contribution to the history of the political transactions between England and Scotland in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

The dialects of the northern counties are also receiving the attention the subject deserves. In the Anglo-Saxon ritual of the church of Durham, written in Latin about the beginning of the eighth century, and the interlinear Saxon gloss or version which accompanies it, we have the earliest monument of the Anglo-Saxon language as spoken in the kingdom of Northumbria, which was of course the foundation of the dialects of the North of England. In another volume, the same editor, Mr. Stevenson, has given us the first part of a similar interlinear gloss of the psalter, in the Northumbrian dialect, perhaps of the ninth century; with a no less interesting English metrical version of the psalms in a strong dialect of the north, of the beginning of the fourteenth century. This latter is one of the most important monuments of

the local dialects of this country in former times, and is well deserving the attention of those who take an interest in the history of the English language. The *Towneley* mysteries, written apparently in Yorkshire, represent the dialect of that part of the country in the fifteenth century, at the same time that they furnish a remarkable illustration of the feelings and manners of that age. They are the earliest collection known in English of these singular dramatic productions which were so popular in the middle ages, with the presumed exception of a collection recently sold, and now in private hands, although it is not generally known who is the possessor; but it is to be hoped it will before long be printed. The literature of the north at the early period when literature was in a great measure confined to the clergy, is illustrated by the volume of monastic catalogues of the libraries at Durham, and other monastic establishments.

The manners and customs of every-day life, and local and family history, are illustrated in a variety of ways by the two volumes of early wills from the registries at Durham and York; the registries of the sanctuaries of Durham and Beverley; the charters and account-rolls of the priory of Finchale; the similar documents of the priory of Coldingham; the *Liber Vitæ Ecclesie Dunelmensis*; the rites of the monastic church of Durham; the correspondence of Archbishop Hutton; and the Durham Household Book, or accounts of the Bursar of the Monastery from 1530 to 1534; the latter of which is, we believe, the last of the Society's publications.

This work, containing the items of expenditure in this great monastic establishment during four years, gives a curious picture of life in the religious houses shortly before their dissolution. We have here an account of every article of food and clothing consumed during this period, both necessities and luxuries, with their prices and quantities, with the men employed and their wages, and a multitude of other interesting matters. It is very evident from these accounts that the monks understood good living. In addition to all the ale and other drinks, we find that in the first year of their accounts, no less than thirty-four hogsheads of wine were bought for the monastery of Durham alone; and in the accounts of payments for carriage, there appear to have been some few hogsheads brought to the monastery not accounted for in the purchases. It appears, that four times a-year the prior retired to one of his manors, and spent three days in uproarious feasting: these festivals were called the abbot's *ludi*; and a rare list of good things purchased for those occasions, such as spiced, and dates, and raisins, and figs, and honey, &c. &c. occur in the accounts. Among things purchased *pro ludiis domini prioris* in 1530, were 9 pigs, 2000 red herrings, nearly 60 dried cod, 24 dried salmons, 2½ gallons of honey, 3 pounds of pepper, 24 pounds of figs, &c. Among other fish eaten in the monastery are a considerable number of porpoises. The fresh fish bought for *Christmas-day*, 1530, were two pikes, four pykkers, one tench, six dozen of eels, and six dozen of lampreys.

While pointing out its curious entries, a publication like this leads us forcibly to reflect how far it is advisable to publish, *totaliter et verbatim*, documents of every description. The antiquary is too apt, while following up a favourite pursuit, to run into the error of giving importance to trifles. The full amount of knowledge to be gathered out of a thick volume of the description of the one of which we are now speaking, would hardly fill half-a-dozen pages; and when we consider the great mass of documents of this kind still preserved, which belong both to different ages and to different parts of the kingdom, and which would require a whole library of printed books to contain them all, we cannot help thinking that the person who publishes brief abstracts with extracts of any curious entries will be doing much greater service than he who attempts to print the whole. We only want to know, once for all, how many servants were at-

tached to a monastic house, and the amount of their wages, and it is quite unnecessary to repeat, year after year, their names, with all the unvarying particulars. We have no particular satisfaction in seeing year after year the entry of every farthing paid to the different men employed to mow the grass in the farms of the monastery, or to be informed exactly of every mouthful of hay eaten from year to year by the horses. And above all things, we cannot appreciate the importance of page after page of entries like the following:

"Leonardo Atkynson (one of the purchasers of provisions), per tallum, 6 Aug. 20*l. 8d.*  
Et eidem per tallum, 15 Aug. 20*l. 1d.*  
Et eidem per tallum, 20 Aug. 15*l. 8d.*  
Et eidem per tallum, 27 Aug. 2*l. 1d.*"

And so on, on one occasion, for about three pages.

#### THE SCOTTISH ANTIQUITIES,

[Of which a long and detailed account has flourished in all the newspapers during the past and present week, problematically recovering the lost books of Pliny, and depositing them in Modern Athens, is, alas! converted into less than a mare's nest, by the following brief epistle:]

Manse of Moffat, 4th Jan. 1847.

Sir,—I received yours of the 25th Dec. 1846, (but it had been missent to the north), and I have to inform you that no coins or Roman manuscripts were found on the Railway line above Beallock; it has been the falsification of some evil-disposed person, unknown to the Editor of the *Dumfries Courier*; however, he has contradicted it in his paper of Tuesday last.

I remain, &c.

ALEX. JOHNSTON.

*The Cumbrian Archaeological Association* is now definitively constituted, and an official list of its officers, members, and regulations published by authority of the president, Sir S. R. Glynne, Bart., M.P., F.S.A., and Lord Lieutenant of Flintshire. The general secretaries are the Rev. H. Longueville Jones, M.A., and the Rev. John Williams, M.A. The regulations (provisionally adopted) state that the Association is formed in order to examine, preserve, and illustrate all ancient monuments and remains of the history, manners, customs, and arts of Wales and its marches; and it is added that accounts of the proceedings will appear regularly in the *Archæologia Cambrensis*; of which publication we have now on our table five quarterly Nos., full of interesting antiquarian matter.

*Cambridge Antiquarian Society*.—At the first meeting for the present term a paper was read by Mr. A. W. Franks, on a Palimpsest brass in Burwell Church, Cambridgeshire, representing a priest on its upper surface, and a part of the figure of an abbot on its lower half beneath. On the under side of the canopy was found part of a figure supposed, from the dress, by the author to be that of a deacon. If such is the case, it is of much interest; as brasses representing deacons are very rare. The monument is thought to be that of the last abbot of Ramsey.

#### LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:

*Monday*.—Geographical, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; British Architects, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Medical, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.

*Tuesday*.—Medical and Chirurgical, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Zoological, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Syro-Egyptian, 7*l. 6s.* P.M.

*Wednesday*.—Society of Arts, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Graphic, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Microscopical, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Pharmaceutical, 9*l. 6s.* P.M.; Ethnological, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Literary Fund, 3*l. 6s.* P.M.

*Thursday*.—Royal, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Antiquaries, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4*l. 6s.* P.M.

*Friday*.—Royal Institution, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Prof. Brando "On Gun-eotton."

*Saturday*.—Medico-Botanical (anniversary meeting), 8*l. 6s.* P.M.; Asiatic, 2*l. 6s.* P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8*l. 6s.* P.M.

#### FINE ARTS.

##### THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

*Audi alteram partem* has at last been thought of as a just motto, in regard to the charges against the custodiers of the National Gallery, of rub-

some they were in the strong from the to sons," been in who have individual manipulators great same blame sent of public manipulation eyes d thus benefit which sons can both the connoisseurs heard other observer English and the not beauty raw, sh our last many) in the upon the doctors. Gradual destroyed sot, the ground made c is diffi wrong; said, the sides, the bitt if we m where for the and cap necessary facts of Venice, proof of that the the skin Eastlake reason the pa Gallery delicacy.

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bing and scrubbing (under the name of cleaning) some of the *chef-d'œuvres* in that repository till they were utterly spoilt. A correspondent, A. G., in the *Times* of Monday, has stoutly, and with strong statements and arguments, defended them from this accusation; and fairly reduced the question to one of judgment among "competent persons," to determine whether these pictures have been injured or not. The writer, as well as those who have stood forth as accusers, is evidently an individual well acquainted with art, and with the manipulations and processes of painters and cleaners. He shews that other pictures of the same great masters have hitherto been cleaned by the same hands, and under the same direction, without blame; and accounts for the clamour on the present occasion, from the circumstance that the public has not been accustomed to see the accumulation of dirt removed as it were before its eyes during a brief closure of the gallery, and thus being led to fancy an evil where in reality a benefit had been effected. So stand his reasonings, which are confirmed by the opinions of many persons conversant with, and learned in, the fine arts, both theoretically and practically, as distinguished connoisseurs and eminent artists.\* We have heard these opinions maintained; and only the other day, a witty foreigner (an admirable judge) observed, in reference to the subject, "You English are so used to the smoky effects of London, and the obscurity thus accumulated, that you cannot bear a work in its pristine freshness or brilliancy of colour. You immediately pronounce it raw, skinned, and ruined." The dispute (which our last No. proves to have spread even into Germany) is now producing a crop of correspondence in the public journals, such as usually springs up upon matters of taste. Who shall decide when doctors disagree, and ablest amateurs doubt? Gradations of tint and aerial perspective are destroyed, cry the assailants; objects obscured by soot, flesh covered with dirt, unintelligible foregrounds, and masses of accumulated impurities, are made clear and distinct, answer the defenders. It is difficult to determine which is right and which wrong; but probably, as there appears much to be said, there may be something of truth on both sides. At any rate, there can be no excuse for the bitter personal attack upon Mr. Eastlake; and if we may judge from the practice of the Continent, where the atmosphere is not so laden with evils for the productions of art as in our island climate and capital with its sea-coal fires, there exists a necessity for occasionally removing the dingy effects of time from the most famous galleries. Venice, Florence, and Paris are mentioned in proof of this; and in terms which would indicate that the "Skinners" there are as much abused as the skinners here. But as we have observed, Mr. Eastlake is innocent of offence; and we have no reason to question the experienced skillfulness of the parties to whom the duty at the National Gallery is confided. They must be aware of the delicacy and difficulty of the task.

#### HAMPTON-COURT PALACE.

THE Gothic, or Wolsey's Hall, having been redecorated by Mr. Willement, was opened to the public on Saturday. The thirteen large windows on the north and south sides have been filled with stained glass, so as to harmonise with his former doings on the east and west ends, which were restored with armorial bearings of Henry VIII. and his house. To illustrate the history of this Blue-beard still more at large, the principal subjects chosen for the later embellishments are the arms of his six wives—we could not have all their heads! It seems almost a melancholy joke to impale the arms of these royal ladies with those of their brutal husband. As in St. James's Palace, cognizances of red dragons, significant enough of his character,

\* Mulready, Etty, and Leslie are quoted as authorities for the fact, that no damage whatever has been done in the National Gallery; but the reverse.

are combined with true-love knots of very perishable consistency. The whole, however, has a rich effect; and when summer suns brighten the Hall, through its coloured glass, it will be even more than before one of the chief attractions in a popular visit to Hampton-Court Palace.

#### FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

##### FRANCE.

Paris, December 29th, 1846.

THE great event of the day, and this event is of much importance for literature, is the judgment passed upon the play of M. Ponsard (not Pousard). *Agnès de Méranie* was produced before the most select audience I have ever seen in a playhouse; Princes and Princesses of the Royal Family, M. Guizot, M. le Comte Molé, M. le Duc Décaze, almost the whole of the French Academy, together with the dons and *πολλοί* of journalism and the leading spirits amongst our fashionable ladies and gentlemen, all were assembled in the theatre of the Odéon, which is rather unaccustomed to such a piece of good fortune, to witness the literary destinies which fate reserved to the author of *Lucreë*. You will understand this unusual degree of interest, if you revert to all the events which have signalised our literary republic during the last twenty years. In spite of all the exertions used by the coteries, clubs, and strongholds of the romantic school, the French genius has remained what it ever was, supple enough to accept, as a temporary source of amusement, all caprices, all fashions, and individual ridiculous, even those which are least congenial with it; but one which, urged by the natural good sense and positive appreciation of right or wrong upon which our national character is founded, will ever revert to the love of simple, natural, elevated, and classical, above all other beauties. Now, people were waxing weary of M. V. Hugo, and his brilliant eccentricities, so absurdly parodied by a host of imitators, when M. Ponsard produced his first tragedy. In this play dramatic means were very soberly used; a truthful colouring of antiquity pervaded the whole, and a tone of purest and most elevated morality was especially remarkable, to which latter we have been but little accustomed, ever since M. Hugo and his disciples have lorded it over the stage. In consequence of this, men hailed with enthusiasm the production of a young man, who gave promise of a poet distinguished for purity, chastity, religious feeling, and sense, drawing his inspirations from a passionate admiration of all that is great and good, of honesty, devotion, and all the virtues which most elevate mankind. But this fair beginning, brilliant as it undoubtedly was, still very naturally left many doubts in the popular mind.

The second trial undergone by M. Ponsard might have shewn him to us with impoverished inventive resources, or lacking fecundity and variety. The more rapidly had his reputation been established, as the sudden result of one single evening, the more likely was he to descend as suddenly from this extempore pedestal. His adversaries, being all those writers whom M. Hugo, now an Academician, holds in awe by the interest he has at his command, failed not to predict a signal reverse to this ephemeral hero; and such is at this moment the dearth of real dramatic talent, that the question of deciding whether we are still fated to abide by the frantic, dishevelled, and insensate dramas of MM. Victor Hugo and company, or whether we shall return to the fine old traditions of calm and sober poetry, to the recollections and study of our great masters, seemed to hang upon the fate of M. Ponsard and his second tragedy.

I will premise by saying that it has been played with an immense success. During the whole five acts, the most hearty and sincere applause prevailed. After the fall of the curtain, the enraptured audience called loudly for the poet himself—an ovation which is with us of very rare occurrence, and quite out of date. All this, however, did not deter the whole portion of the press which is hostile to M. Ponsard from commencing on the very next

day their unworthy practices. M. Jules Janin, who aspires to a seat in the Academy, and who reckons upon the support of MM. Ste. Beuve, Hugo, and De Vigny, hastened to thunder forth his anathema; with an hypocritical mildness, and many an oratorical precaution, he at once decreed that this triumph, which I have mentioned, won over the cold reserve of an aristocratical audience, was after all a failure,—"a splendid shipwreck," added this benign executioner of the *Hugos* vengeance. Then the *Presse* opening in its turn, M. Théophile Gautier, after the disgracing sibilation he experienced the other night at the Porte St. Martin, hesitated not to treat in a most lofty manner M. Ponsard, the poet laureate twice crowned by the free suffrage of the public. Lastly, all the hangers on, more or less serious, more or less convinced, who lag in the rear of the romantic army,—including the *barkers* of the journal *l'Époque*,—came one after another to pour forth insults and falsehoods directed against the poet, whom so many acclamations had welcomed the day before. He may, however, rest consoled. Without being an irreproachable masterpiece, *Agnès de Méranie* contains enough of beauty to bid defiance to their transient attacks. The subject—which our critics have feigned to misconstrue, for the purpose of attacking, with a better chance, a play which they had determined upon condemning—is founded upon the heroic devotion of a wife to her husband. M. Ponsard has attempted the really difficult feat of creating an interest during five acts, without the aid of any foreign element, in the trials of a tender and virtuous wife, whom an irresistible violence exerted against her husband's will tears away from his home. It is true that *Agnès* is a queen, and loses her throne, but not one feeling of ambition mingles with her regret, which is ever that of a wife separated from her husband, of a mother deprived of her children. Besides this, the story is most simple. Philip II. (Philippe Auguste) had married, for the purpose of forwarding political views, a Princess of Denmark, named Ingerburge, or Ingelberge. The day after the wedding he sent her away brutally, complaining that an evil spell had been cast upon him. A council of obedient bishops sanctioned this divorce, although opposed to the laws of the Catholic Church. Ingelberge appealed to the Pope against the unjust decree, but Célestine III., the unworthy successor of the impious Hildebrand, deferred his judgment upon so delicate a point; and Philip, anticipating the pontifical decision as likely to be in his favour, married Tyrolean princess, with whom he lived in peace during five years. At the end of that time, Innocent III. was raised to the throne of St. Peter; and being resolved to tolerate no scandal whatever, and especially to extend, as much as lay in his power, the theocratical dominion of the pontifical throne, he sent to Philippe Auguste the order of dismissing *Agnès de Méranie*, and recalling Ingelberge, from whom no clerical council could legally divorce him. The King of France refused obedience. An interdict was then laid by the Pope upon the kingdom, which submitted patiently to that decree, and found itself thenceforth in the most unenviable position, deprived of all kind of worship, and thereby, owing to the intimate connexion which existed at that period of our history between the citizen and the Christian, deprived of almost all civil rights. Philippe, irritated against his subjects for their passive obedience to the Pope, oppressed them by every kind of persecution, increased the taxes, ill-treated the clergy; in short, after contending for some months, he at last became aware that the powers of royalty were placed in jeopardy by these struggles, at a time when they were yet but imperfectly established; and after the convocation of a council called to decide upon the validity of his marriage with *Agnès*, he anticipated the bishops' decision, became reconciled to Ingelberge, and declared his intentions of not separating again from her. M. Ponsard has closely followed history in these inci-

dents save in the catastrophe, which, by its simplicity, was ill calculated for a tragedy. He has made Philippe Auguste enamoured of his young and lovely wife, quite determined upon defending her, first as her husband, and then as a good knight, against all the anathemas of the Pope. He then represents Agnès as a weak and loving woman, devoting her life to her husband and to her children; distressed by the misfortunes which unwillingly and undeservedly she entails upon them; full of piety, and terrified by the threats of the legate; with a noble heart, denying herself the right of sacrificing the welfare of the husband she adores to her own happiness. These two characters being drawn, the whole interest of the play hinges upon the wretchedness and anxiety incidental to the delicacy of this high-minded heroine, the innocent victim of a great struggle between royalty and the papedom. After having resolved to retire, after having well nigh fallen a sacrifice to the blind passions of a riotous multitude, who regard her as the original cause of the national distress, rescued by Philippe himself, and unable to resign herself to a life spent away from him, she solves the dilemma by killing herself in a moment of sublime but misguided excitement.

Even in this imperfect and rapid sketch you will recognise, I rely on it, a lofty conception, and especially a sentiment of high morality and eminent honesty. The poetry with which these are invested, though marked by incorrectness and weakness at times, possesses some admirable qualities; and did I not recall to mind that quotations in a foreign language are very rarely admitted in your columns, I should much like to give you some idea of this fine verification.

A new opera has been produced at the Italian Theatre, *I due Foscari*. The *libretto* is a totally unintelligible extract from Lord Byron's tragedy. The music of *il maestro Verdi* was more applauded than it is the wont of the *dilettanti* of the Italian Theatre to applaud a composition when first produced. It is true that the author of *Nabuco* and *Il Proscrito* is not a new composer. His talents, of a serious cast, somewhat too sadly inclined, but of a grand and strong character, will produce themselves in all their splendour when the subject is not mixed with ideas of too light or vivacious a character. The air sung by the *Doge*, with a chorus, in the third act, was specially noticed, as well as the trio sung in the middle of the second act. Mad. Grisi, Mario, Tagliavico, and Coletti were entrusted with the principal parts, and performed them with rare perfection, and in such a manner as to satisfy the most fastidious *dilettanti*.

The first representation of *Robert Bruce*, announced last week, and postponed in consequence of the indisposition of Mad. Stoltz, is to take place to-morrow. I will give you some account of it in my next letter.

I wish I had more space and time left to speak to you of my visit to the minor exhibition shewn in a mansion of the Rue St. Lazare, for the benefit of the Association of Artists. All the Vernetts (Joseph, Carle, Horace), Dclarache, Brascassa, Decamps, have exhibited there some of the paintings which have established their fame. There are also to be seen some Watteaus, some Vestiers, and some other representatives of the old French school, noble predecessors, who have no cause to blush for their successors.

#### GERMANY.

[From our own Correspondent.]

The circumstance that the London University is endeavouring to found a Chinese Professorship, by means of subscription, and the difficulty of finding any one qualified for the appointment, has been noticed in Germany with many expressions of surprise. It is said with the exception of the late Consul Thorn, it would be no easy matter to name an Englishman possessed of a profound knowledge of the Chinese language. The way, too, of setting

about the undertaking must, we can well conceive, seem strange to a German or Frenchman. By subscription! While Oxford and Cambridge are in possession of such large revenues. These, it is remarked, "with their life of ease have fallen asleep, and have preserved the state of things of the middle ages most admirably in the form of a mummy. They do not even teach theology, which one would chiefly expect of them; but at Oxford, Greek is taught much in the same way as at our gymnasia; and at Cambridge nothing but mathematics: it seems, indeed, as if they had made it their aim to obtain the least results with the greatest expenditure of strength. In the present state of things one has brought it to such lengths, that at Oxford they are no longer able to attend to their own Greek school-books, but reprint them after German editions; and yet Greek is their only study!"\* Words to the same effect we heard not three weeks ago from the lips of one who is looked upon by all as the first Hellenist of his time. He spoke of the matter with regret, as all must do who feel interested in the advancement of learning, who know that these universities have produced, and of what they still are capable.

The first volume of a work has just issued from the press at Leipzig, which deserves notice, as well on account of its aim as of the manner in which the task the author assigned himself has been executed. It is a favourable specimen of German learning, research, and persevering industry. The book is entitled *Attempt at a Polyglot of European Poesy*. The author, Adolf Ellisen, wishes to show how in all times the intellectual development of the nations was reflected in their poetry; in his selection, therefore, are to be found the more serious pieces rather, and those on the production of which public affairs seem to have had an influence. The result of the poetical work of the century is given by specimens of the best and most characteristic poets; a German translation being placed by the side of the original text. Ethnographical, philological, and historical remarks accompany the notices of the particular epochs; so that all has been done to make the plan as complete as possible.

The Basque and Celtic poetry begins the series. Afterwards comes the poetry of the Greeks, presenting naturally most ample stores to choose from. On their lyrical and dramatic poetry particular attention is bestowed: and the translations which accompany the various pieces here given, deserve the highest praise. We have, too, poems of quite modern date, produced since Greece has again become a nation. The second volume is to contain the poetry of the Roman people; and the third that of the Germanic, Slavonic, and other nations.

From these few and hastily-written remarks, it will be seen how comprehensive the work in question is. To the student the profound learning herein displayed must be acceptable; and to those who care less about philology, the admirable selection can hardly fail to afford pleasurable amusement.

A group in plaster about three feet in height, representing the combat of St. George and the Dragon, has just been exhibiting at the Art Union in Munich. It is by Professor Halbig, and has excited general admiration. The group, without any constrained positions, takes the form of a pyramid. The horse, which is rearing, is full of life and fire: the nostrils are distended, the ears thrown back, and every vein in the creature's body is swollen with exertion and terror. This work of art was immediately purchased by his Imperial Highness the Duke of Leuchtenberg, who possesses already several of the creations of the same sculptor.

*Eothen* has just appeared in Germany in a not particularly good translation. We allude to the circumstance, not so much to announce that it is highly spoken of by the reviewer,† but to mention

an anecdote, which we find in the criticism in question, and which, if it has not yet fallen in the way of the author of *Eothen* may not be displeasing to him to hear.

The reviewer mentions that some years ago, on his return from Constantinople, he met in the quarantine building a young Englishman of about twenty-two or twenty-three years of age, who had also just returned from a journey in the East. They were, it seems, the only two persons who had undergone this temporary imprisonment. "The young Englishman was silent, reserved, even bashful; and was more anxious to hear than to be heard." Soon, however, this reserve wore off; and the reasons the young Englishman gave for his silence as to his travels, as well as the views and opinions expressed in subsequent conversations, "filled the writer with admiration at this rare union of youth and discretion." The quarantine over, the two acquaintances parted, after an interchange of cards. "When three years were passed since this meeting, and *Eothen* came into the writer's hands, he fancied immediately from the contents, as well as the character of the book, that he recognised therein his friend of the quarantine." Three passages in particular enabled the critic to be sure he was right in his suppositions. He afterwards made inquiries about the author; and, on comparing the name with that on the card he had received from his fellow-traveller, he found them to be the same.

As we said before, the work is highly spoken of; but as praise on the subject of his book must by this time have lost all novelty for the author of *Eothen*, we do not think it necessary to give any extracts here. In comparing the styles of modern "travels," the reviewer's judgment is greatly in favour of those written by Englishmen. "An Englishman," he says, "writes for his country, a Frenchman for Paris, a German for his cousins. We of course speak here of that category of travellers comprehended within certain limits of education and pretensions. A work like *Fallmerayer's Fragments* is excelled in no literature, and its peculiarity is above all comparison."

#### HAMLET IN DENMARK.

Copenhagen, 24th Dec. 1846.

SIR,—It is now somewhat more than a month since I wrote to you respecting the production of a new tragedy by Oehlenschläger, entitled *Amleth*.

Since my last I have again been present at the performance of that tragedy, and consequently am better enabled to give you some particulars relating thereto, than I could at that time, except from the accounts in the newspapers. Many of these reports were, however, of too vague and conflicting a nature to be depended on; though all agreed in pronouncing it to be a masterly production. The poet has not, however, kept so strictly to the legend as I had been led to believe, previous to witnessing the performance; and on comparing the tragedy with the *Saga* in Saxo, I find he has in many points deviated from history. The following remarks, though they may perhaps be regarded more as a critique than an account of the drama itself, will, I believe, be found to be correct; as they "nothing extenuate, nor aught set down in malice."

*Hamlet's* name is known to the whole enlightened world; the piece which first bore it is crowned by a fame of more than two centuries. Therefore Oehlenschläger was naturally induced to usher in his *Amleth* with a preface (see *Literary Gazette*, No. 1559, p. 1034), wherein he expresses himself respecting the relative position of his work to Shakespeare's masterpiece. This is perfectly just, when he maintains his right to treat the same material in a different manner to that of his great predecessor in the world of poetry; for in that world no pre-emption or title of possession holds good, in the sense that the one poet has not a right to touch that subject which another has made his own. On the contrary, we do not exactly

\* Beiträge zur allgemeinen Zeitung, No. 351.

† In "Blätter für literarische Unterhaltung," Nos. 354—356.

agree with the author, when he, on account of the different manner of conception and treatment of the subject, assumes "comparison" to be excluded. For comparison certainly pre-supposes a similarity; and this similarity, which lies merely in the name, is but of little importance; this, however, cannot be said of the resemblance in the subject for the tragedy, wherein there is—at least partly—also a likeness in the persons and characters; and it is just such a likeness as in a high degree invites to comparison, from the individuality of the poets, and their difference in conception and treatment of the same matter; and the greater the poets are who have tried their powers on the same subject, the more interesting does the comparison become. But, answers the author, the fable is only partly the same; "Shakspeare took a tradition from history, without regard to the time in which the hero lived; and treated it freely after his own ideas." "But *Amleth* is not alone the name for a vague story; he appears in *Saxo* as a remarkable young hero and Danish king in the olden times,"—and it is this *Amleth* I depict!

The question is not, which of the two authors has painted an historical person most consistent with reality, but which has created the most poetically true and perfectly formed character; and expressed in the clearest manner the idea that is combined with the personal character of *Hamlet*, as handed down to us.

To enter into a description of the whole piece would be superfluous, and occupy too much space in your columns; it will be sufficient to say that the plot of Oehlenschläger's *Amleth* is the same as the *Hamlet* of Shakspeare, though the drawing of the characters, and the manner in which the hero attains his aim, are different; as the following observations may serve to shew.

Oehlenschläger lets his *Amleth* enter on the stage as shipwrecked; and, informed by his friend *Humble* of the probability of his father's murder, he resolves to pretend madness at *Fengo*'s court. In *Saxo*, the suspicion arises in *Amleth* himself, and his dissimulation commences with his early youth; Shakspeare makes it the result of the revelation made to him by his father's ghost. Both poets have, therefore, been agreed, previously to inform the spectators that his madness is only feigned; now it is possible that it would have had just as much effect, if one had remained in ignorance of it until *Amleth* himself revealed it to his friend or his beloved. After *Amleth*'s first meeting with *Fengo* and the Queen, Oehlenschläger lets him set out to his father's grave, or rather tumulus, and there ends the first act. In the second act he accidentally meets with *Sigrid*, first on his way to the witch's hut, and afterwards in the hut, where he, after having convinced himself of her love for him, informs her of his mummery.

*Saxo*, on the contrary, makes his meeting with his childhood's beautiful playmate an arrangement of *Fengo*'s, to try his suspected madness; and he sustains the trial successfully. In the third act *Amleth* returns to *Fengo*'s court to console his mother, although he feels himself so unsafe there that he would not sleep a single night under *Fengo*'s roof, but seeks refuge in a peasant's hovel. It appears to us that this motive for his return is somewhat weak, and not quite in accordance with his cunning prudence; as also the homicide of the eaves-dropper, *Viðil*, which would be better reasoned if the meeting with his mother were not, as in Oehlenschläger, voluntarily desired by *Amleth*, but, as in *Saxo*, a new snare laid for him by *Fengo*; then it was not necessary for *Humble* to have informed him previously who it is that conceals himself behind *Harwendil*'s armour, but he might himself have a presentiment of the lurker's presence.

At length he is sent away by *Saxo* to England, by Oehlenschläger to *Vensysel*, in order to be put out of the way. In *Saxo*, *Amleth* himself, whilst on his voyage, discovers the treacherous *runes* that his companions bear with them; he defaces them, and writes others in their stead, praying the king

to kill his companions, and to give *Amleth* his daughter in marriage. Oehlenschläger, on the contrary, sends him to King *Hadding*'s castle, without his knowing the contents of the *runes* they have brought with them; this he now learns by reading them to *Hadding*, who cannot read; and, so far from his changing their contents to the reverse meaning, he reads aloud the order for his own execution, with undaunted courage and candour; from this fate he is saved by an entirely unexpected event; namely, the revolt of the inhabitants of *Vensysel*, and *Hadding*'s homicide. This appears to us to be the most feeble point in the whole piece; for by this means *Amleth* owes his safety, not to his persevering self-command, nor his inventive cunning, but to an accident, which he could not foresee, and in which he is not concerned; we fancy that *Saxo* and the old *Saga* have, on this point, satisfied the claims of the drama better than the poet.

In the last act, *Amleth* is brought home in a coffin and placed in the hall of mourning; here he springs up from the coffin and slays *Fengo* in a duel. *Saxo*'s conclusion of the *Saga*,—that *Amleth* returns from England, still mad, makes *Fengo*'s yeomen drunk, sets fire to the building wherein they are, burns them, and kills *Fengo* who is defenceless,—would not, perhaps, have so happy an effect in a drama as that chosen by Oehlenschläger; though we cannot say that even his is very dramatic.

Lastly, we think that the poet has spoiled the impression of the last act, not only by making known the *dénouement* of the fourth act, but also by letting *Humble* tell the Queen and *Sigrid* what is to happen, whereby the effect of their surprise and sudden change from the deepest sorrow to joy is lost, and which might have been given in the concluding scene.

In Shakspeare the basis of *Hamlet*'s character is, as Oehlenschläger says in his preface, "a profound romantic sentimentality;" the weight of misfortune depresses him, and absorbs him in meditation over himself and mankind; he feels that he ought to act, but cannot; his struggle with himself, the despair of a profound mind at his want of energy, his balancing between real and feigned insanity, his transition from the most powerful pathos to the most biting witicism, is that which Shakspeare has represented with a master-hand, indeed so masterly, that *Hamlet* will, without doubt, as long as the world stands, remain one of the most finished and most interesting of dramatic characters. But as little as *Hamlet* is heroic, he is equally as little national Danish or national Scandinavian.\*

The *Amleth* that Oehlenschläger has attempted to depict is a northern hero, who by cunning and dissimulation reaches his aim, although misfortune lowers upon him, and his life is plotted against by his nearest relative. Here it must be observed that the poet has made the conquest easier for his hero than it is made for him in the *Saga*; thereby it has unfortunately become a result that the characteristic of *Amleth*, his manly cunning, has not been so strongly impressed as it was certainly the poet's intention to do. In the first meeting with *Fengo*, there is certainly much "method in his madness," for must not the conscience-stricken and suspicious *Fengo* feel that he is caught when *Amleth* calls him a butcher? and when he bids *Fengo* look him in the face and tell him where his father is? His ingenuousness in the concluding reply, in the first act, rises almost to rashness, when he calls on the assembled people to rebel against *Fengo*. His feigned insanity is far more successfully managed in the third act, when he sits on the bench before the king's castle, and is tempted by the courtiers. Here a few good traits from *Saxo* are made available, but the finest of his replies is that when he takes the straw up from the ground, and calls it his "royal sceptre of pure gold." He,

however, falls quite out of his part, when, after *Viðil*'s homicide, he is imprisoned, and in a raving manner accuses *Fengo* of his father's murder; and there afterwards appears no trait of his manly cunning, for his return home in the coffin is not his device, but *Thorald*'s, the sacrificial priest. Thus the entire impression of *Amleth* becomes more like that of a bold northern hero, who unwillingly resorts to dissimulation, and comes somewhat awkwardly from the attempt, when he must make it, than of a man who by wise self-command and inventive cunning attains his aim.

Next to *Amleth*, *Fengo* is the person on whom the attention and interest is particularly fixed. It would scarcely be right for *Fengo* to enter the scene with any remorse of conscience; for he is by no means a weak man who, having allowed himself to be led on to a single misdeed, afterwards repents of it; but a hardened villain, who with cold premeditation continues his atrocities. On the contrary, his bearing is excellent in the presence of the Queen, and during her reproaches; as also in *Amleth*'s presence, for he is depicted as a much greater master in the art of dissimulation than *Amleth*. *Geruthe*, the queen, is also well represented, though there is nothing particularly original in this character; and the same may be said of *Humble*. *Sigrid* is a charming picture of a northern maiden, and perfectly worthy of its place in that gallery wherein Oehlenschläger has already hung up so many beautiful ideal creations.

The most plastic character in the whole drama appears to be that of *Hadding*. It is a perfectly pure and clear type of that raw, defying arrogance which, depending on its own power, was the peculiar characteristic of the Northmen in the period of transition from heathenism to Christianity, and of that egotism for which nothing, except for their own advantage, was sacred; and, for this reason, always paves the way to its own ruin. *Hadding* is a national Danish character that has maintained its place throughout the changes of centuries, and is still found—though naturally in a milder form—in more than one unlettered and purse-proud tradesman, or farmer. After having dwelt so long on the most important characters in *Amleth*, we must now take some note of the arrangement and diction. Here, then, we must admire the dramatic effect which not a few scenes bring forth. It is remarkable enough, but it really appears as if Oehlenschläger had got a far keener sense and eye for dramatic effect, now that he has become old, than he had when a younger man; at least it appears to us, as if his *Dina* and *Amleth* could, in this respect, be compared with some of the best works of his younger days. The first act of *Amleth* is, throughout, excellently planned, and the action goes briskly forward. In the second act, the scene in the witch's hut is of extraordinary effect. Of the third act, the same may be observed as of the first. What we have to find fault with in the fourth and fifth acts has already been observed; but it ought, as a set-off, to be acknowledged that in the fourth act, the scene between *Hadding* and his serf is excellent; and the closing scene most effective. Also, that the second scene in the fifth act, between the Queen and *Sigrid*, who bind wreaths on *Amleth*'s coffin, is exquisitely fine. A trifling error, of a kind which Oehlenschläger has more than once committed, ought not, perhaps, to remain unnoticed, when speaking of dramatic effect; it is the shooting of a star, which accompanies *Fengo*'s fall, and which, while it is of no other use than to give *Amleth* occasion to use a superfluous reply, actually disturbs the impression of the concluding scene. As to the diction, it is scarcely possible to forget the poet's age, for his language is somewhat harder than that which the writers of our day make use of. But there is clang in his language, it sounds as if one struck with the sword on a bronze shield; and there is youth in his age; they are in truth, not dried, curled, and withered leaves, wherewith Oehlenschläger twines his wreaths and binds his bouquets; his winter

\* The Germans claim *Hamlet* as the representative of Germanism, but then they thereby allow that inactive reflection is their nation's characteristic.

garden displays all the flowers of spring; his pictures have lost nothing of their striking power or captivating beauty, and he has ever durable new ones still in his mind's *laterna magica*, when he thinks fit to use them.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## LINES ON VISITING A GRAVE.

I GAZZ at length upon thy mortal dwelling,  
O lost, and mourned, and loved of other years;  
Buy remembrance in my heart is swelling,  
And mine eyes fail beneath their weight of tears:  
Up comes the fragrant incense of the meadows,  
That fence the chamber of thy dreamless rest,  
And the wild flitting of the twilight shadows  
Shews like a waving curtain o'er thy breast.

Look on us here, O God!

Alone I stand; the autumn winds are sweeping  
Through the long grass that waves above the now;  
The dull clouds droop around, like mourners weeping,  
The birds fly silent from bough to bough:  
All things look desolate; the trees are yielding  
The leaves that graced them through the summer hours:  
Decay an universal power is yielding.  
And death has touched the heart's core of the flowers:

Look on us here, O God!

Amid this evidence of all things hastening,  
In their appointed season, to decay,  
I lift a thankful prayer, that from such wasting  
Thou in thy sinless bloom wert called away:  
That the vain hopes my heart was wont to cherish  
In the dim future of the earth for thee,  
Were not left darkly in thine own to perish  
When the grave's shielding rest had closed o'er me.

Look on us here, O God!

I would not pierce the shrouding turf that covers  
The precious dust it bears, nor hold for aye;  
A better thought around, above me hovering,  
The spirit's promised triumph o'er the clay!  
And I can wait with patience thine awaking;  
Even as I watched beside thy couch of old;  
A brighter day for both around is breaking,  
A brighter joy at length shall both confold.

Look on us here, O God!

I have outlived the days of mortal mourning,  
That wrung my soul for thee throughout the past;  
I would not see thee to earth's wastes returning,  
To baffle thy heart as mine hath bawed at last!  
And here I come not in the hopeless sorrow  
That looketh only to life's fleeting day,  
But with His promise of a cloudless morrow,  
I seek the presence of thy dust, to say,

Look on us here, O God!

Mrs. CHARLES TINSLEY.

## VARIETIES.

For the *Lady's Newspaper*, No. I., we return thanks, and congratulate ourselves on having, at last, got a female, and truly feminine, contemporary, to run along with us in our periodical race. We wish She had been born sooner, so as not to be an infant when we, *Lit. Gaz.*, have grown old. But we must say She is likely baby, and nursed as she seems to be by such experienced and clever nurses as C. Dance, Planché, Miss Costello, and others, will no doubt come to strength beyond her time of life, so as to be a very eligible companion. Badinage apart, this sheet, of a fitting form, and illustrated with numerous cuts, embraces all the heads agreeable for ladies' reading, manners, dress, popular literature, news, useful domestic information, &c.; and sets forth the *matériel* in a light and pleasant style.

The *Man in the Moon*, No. I.—a new monthly issue, in the facetious or *Punch* line, edited by Albert Smith and A. B. Reach, with cuts by Phiz, Meadows, &c.—displays a fair share of that sort of fun and drollery of which the professional humorists of the day are now so lavish in almost every form of publicity. The talent in both departments, that is to say (Heaven save the mark!), literature and the arts, is of the average quality; and we see no good reason why the *Man in the Moon* should not move in his circle, with earthly scribes whose wits have been restored from his dominions. Some of the puns are laughable, and so are hits at the follies of the hour; but we have long entertained the opinion that we have "somewhat too much of this" unwholesome drollery.

The *Rival Operas*.—Covent-Garden Theatre is in a marvellous state of alteration, in order to be re-

fitted, we might say to be reconstructed, for the projected performance of Italian opera and ballet within its walls. The feud and rivalry between this new design and Mr. Lumley of her Majesty's Theatre are carrying on with unabated hostility. The questions asked are, Will the Queen patronise Covent Garden? Will the Philharmonic and Ancient Concerts, with Costa full of influence, employ the artistes who remain at the Haymarket? Will either party, and which, succeed in engaging Jenny Lind? What sort of a ballet can they get up at Covent Garden; and would it not have been worth while, at least for one season, to try the charms of music without the additional attractions of the *danseuses*? These are enough to convulse the world. The wars of York and Lancaster could not be more portentous. Lumley, with his subscription-boxes well disposed, must hold a stiff purse to tempt or vanquish *I Pirati*, though, it is rumoured, rather well supported, and led by so famous a Guarda Costa. *Nous verrons!*

The *Ancient City of Halonassus*.—Some valuable additions to works of antiquity have been made by the officers and crew of her Majesty's surveying-vessel Bonetta, who, when prevented by the bad weather from prosecuting their surveying labours afloat in the waters of Scatho and Scopulo, in the Grecian Archipelago, amused themselves in digging and excavating about the ruins of the ancient Halonassus. From one of the tombs a coffin was extracted, containing two eggs, which, as far as external appearance goes, might easily be confounded with "newly laid" ones, though nearly 2000 years have elapsed since their interment.—*Times.*

Witty Cabman.—"Jim, clever as you be," said the cad to the cabman, a-waiting for the spilling of the St. James's The-atre; "I say Jim," said he, "you couldn't vash an Ethiopian vite; could ye, d'ye think?" "Praps not," replied Jim; "but I made a Blackmoor from the Vest Indy docks a very pretty fair last night!"

Tunnelling the Alps.—The *Moniteur Belge* states that a new machine for boring has been invented by which the very Alps can be quickly bored, and a railroad made through Mount Cenis. Truly may it be said of the inventor,

"Nor Alps, nor Appenines, can keep him out."

## LITERARY NOVELTIES.

## LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Collier's Roxburgh Ballads, with numerous woodcuts, half-bd. 21s.; mor. 17. 18s.—The Works of Thomas Reid, D.D., 8vo, 17. 5s.—Tate's Algebra made Easy, 12mo, 2s.—Discourses, by the late Rev. J. Piddie, D.D., post 8vo, 7s. 6d.—The Domestic Constitution, by C. Andersen, new edit. 12mo, 6s.—D'Orley's (Rev. Dr.) Parochial Sermons, with Memoir, 2 vols. 8vo, 21s.—Martin's China, Part II. History, Dynasty, and Intercourse with all Foreign Nations, 8vo, sewed, 6s.—Select Writings of Robert Chambers, post 8vo, 5s.—The Comprehensive Time-Book, by Gauntlett and Kearns, 1st Series, oblong, 9s. 6d.—Annals of Horticulture for 1847, royal 8vo, 16s.—Rev. G. Staples' Macedonia; or, a Voice to the Christian Church, 18mo, 1s. 6d.—Coles on Spiritual Afections, 8vo, 2d edit. 6s.—Analysis on Scripture-History, 18mo, 3s. 6d.—An Elementary Course of Mathematics, by the Rev. H. Goodwin, M.A., 8vo, 18s.—Wheeler's (Rev. W.) Sermons preached at Shoreham, 8vo, 10s. 6d.—Crescent and the Cross, by Warburton, 6th edit. 2 vols. post 8vo, 21s.—Thiers's History of the Consulate and Empire, Vol. VI, 8vo, sewed, 5s.—Strawberry Hill; an Historical Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo, 17. 11s. 6d.—Davies's Estimate of the Human Mind, 2d edit. 8vo, 14s.—Maurice's (F. D.) Religions of the World, 8vo, 8s. 6d.—Manual of Chess, by C. Kenny, illustrated with diagrams, 1s.

## DENT'S TABLE FOR THE EQUATION OF TIME.

[This table shews the time which a clock or watch should indicate when the sun is on the meridian.]

Jan. 9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	41	42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49	50	51	52	53	54	55	56	57	58	59	60	61	62	63	64	65	66	67	68	69	70	71	72	73	74	75	76	77	78	79	80	81	82	83	84	85	86	87	88	89	90	91	92	93	94	95	96	97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108	109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120	121	122	123	124	125	126	127	128	129	130	131	132	133	134	135	136	137	138	139	140	141	142	143	144	145	146	147	148	149	150	151	152	153	154	155	156	157	158	159	160	161	162	163	164	165	166	167	168	169	170	171	172	173	174	175	176	177	178	179	180	181	182	183	184	185	186	187	188	189	190	191	192	193	194	195	196	197	198	199	200	201	202	203	204	205	206	207	208	209	210	211	212	213	214	215	216	217	218	219	220	221	222	223	224	225	226	227	228	229	230	231	232	233	234	235	236	237	238	239	240	241	242	243	244	245	246	247	248	249	250	251	252	253	254	255	256	257	258	259	260	261	262	263	264	265	266	267	268	269	270	271	272	273	274	275	276	277	278	279	280	281	282	283	284	285	286	287	288	289	290	291	292	293	294	295	296	297	298	299	300	301	302	303	304	305	306	307	308	309	310	311	312	313	314	315	316	317	318	319	320	321	322	323	324	325	326	327	328	329	330	331	332	333	334	335	336	337	338	339	340	341	342	343	344	345	346	347	348	349	350	351	352	353	354	355	356	357	358	359	360	361	362	363	364	365	366	367	368	369	370	371	372	373	374	375	376	377	378	379	380	381	382	383	384	385	386	387	388	389	390	391	392	393	394	395	396	397	398	399	400	401	402	403	404	405	406	407	408	409	410	411	412	413	414	415	416	417	418	419	420	421	422	423	424	425	426	427	428	429	430	431	432	433	434	435	436	437	438	439	440	441	442	443	444	445	446	447	448	449	450	451	452	453	454	455	456	457	458	459	460	461	462	463	464	465	466	467	468	469	470	471	472	473	474	475	476	477	478	479	480	481	482	483	484	485	486	487	488	489	490	491	492	493	494	495	496	497	498	499	500	501	502	503	504	505	506	507	508	509	510	511	512	513	514	515	516	517	518	519	520	521	522	523	524	525	526	527	528	529	530	531	532	533	534	535	536	537	538	539	540	541	542	543	544	545	546	547	548	549	550	551	552	553	554	555	556	557	558	559	560	561	562	563	564	565	566	567	568	569	570	571	572	573	574	575	576	577	578	579	580	581	582	583	584	585	586	587	588	589	590	591	592	593	594	595	596	597	598	599	600	601	602	603	604	605	606	607	608	609	610	611	612	613	614	615	616	617	618	619	620	621	622	623	624	625	626	627	628	629	630	631	632	633	634	635	636	637	638	639	640	641	642	643	644	645	646	647	648	649	650	651	652	653	654	655	656	657	658	659	660	661	662	663	664	665	666	667	668	669	670	671	672	673	674	675	676	677	678	679	680	681	682	683	684	685	686	687	688	689	690	691	692	693	694	695	696	697	698	699	700	701	702	703	704	705	706	707	708	709	710	711	712	713	714	715	716	717	718	719	720	721	722	723	724	725	726	727	728	729	730	731	732	733	734	735	736	737	738	739	740	741	742	743	744	745	746	747	748	749	750	751	752	753	754	755	756	757	758	759	760	761	762	763	764	765	766	767	768	769	770	771	772	773	774	775	776	777	778	779	780	781	782	783	784	785	786	787	788	789	790	791	792	793	794	795	796	797	798	799	800	801	802	803	804	805	806	807	808	809	810	811	812	813	814	815	816	817	818	819	820	821	822	823	824	825	826	827	828	829	830	831	832	833	834	835	836	837	838	839	840	841	842	843	844	845	846	847	848	849	850	851	852	853	854	855	856	857	858	859	860	861	862	863	864	865	866	867	868	869	870	871	872	873	874	875	876	877	878	879	880	881	882	883	884	885	886	887	888	889	890	891	892	893	894	895	896	897	898	899	900	901	902	903	904	905	906	907	908	909	910	911	912	913	914	915	916	917	918	919	920	921	922	923	924	925	926	927	928	929	930	931	932	933	934	935	936	937	938	939	940	941	942	943	944	945	946	947	948	949	950	951	952	953	954	955	956	957	958	959	960	961	962	963	964	965	966	967	968	969	970	971	972	973	974	975	976	977	978	979	980	981	982	983	984	985	986	987	988	989	990	991	992	993	994	995	996	997	998	999	1000

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